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ITALIAN CABINET CHANGES

WHILE the immediate reason for the defeat of Giolitti's ministry is still obscure, the ultimate cause is public impatience with the slow recovery of the country from its post-bellum embarrassments. The indecisive outcome of the last general election makes probable not only one change of cabinet, but several changes. These will help to perpetuate the existing instability in Southern and Southeastern Europe, because they will add to the uncertainties of Italy's foreign policy. Doubtless the strike of government employees added to the popular discontent, which reflected itself in the action of Parliament. Last year, the railway servants used their superior organization to secure a radical upward revision of wages and salaries, which placed them in a much better position than other government employees. This added to the discontent which already existed in other branches of the government service. As a result, a so-called 'white strike' spread rapidly through the government offices. Employees continued to draw their salaries, but refused to perform more than an irreducible minimum of labor. The public has suffered great inconvenience, especially from sabotage by postal workers. The government, faced by a deficit of three and one half billions at least, could not consider adding new burdens to its salary list. Italian papers report that telegraph service has at times ceased entirely.

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GREECE AND TURKEY

CHARLES VELLAY writes from Athens to *L'Europe Nouvelle* that, since the overthrow of Venizelos, social and economic crises have convulsed Greece. He describes Gounaris, the new premier, as 'a man who talks a great deal without conveying a definite idea of what he proposes to do. He thinks he has settled a problem when he has emitted a few sonorous banalities about it.'

This pessimistic observer considers the political *impasse* in which Greece finds itself, serious as it is, less dangerous than the economic crisis. Before the elections that overthrew Venizelos, the French franc was at a discount of 37 per cent, as compared with the drachma; to-day it is at a premium of 95 per cent, compared with the latter coin. The Greek press, however, insists that the result of the elections last fall had nothing to do with the fall of exchange.

Another correspondent of the same

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journal, Paul Brouzon, predicts a renaissance of Ottoman power in Asia Minor, based upon hatred of the white race and dreams of a pan-Turkish empire, and not upon the ancient Islamic religious ideal. Even those Turks who are nominally friendly to the Allies, and owe to them their present political posts in Constantinople, are at heart entirely in sympathy with the Nationalists; and are indeed, if anything, more in sympathy with the ultra-radical Enver Pasha, who is now at Baku, than with the more cautious and moderate, though equally determined, Angora leader, Mustapha Kemal. By driving the Turks out of Europe, the Western powers have made them more intensely Asiatic than ever. Mustapha Kemal is opposed to this 'back to Asia' tendency. Meanwhile Russia is playing its old hand in this region, following the same objects under Lenin that it pursued under the tsars — ultimate ascendancy on the Dardanelles.

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GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY IN GREAT BRITAIN

A REMARKABLE change is said to have occurred in the attitude of the average business man in Great Britain toward government interference in industry. In old days, Englishmen condemned emphatically what they called 'the continental system of government subvention,' and clung to the dogma that public money should be used only for public ends. Now they seem to have reversed this completely. For instance, the Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, which have formed a central body for joint action, are appealing to the government for financial aid and encouragement in their campaign for foreign markets, and have recently represented to Lloyd George 'the profound disappointment which the commercial community feels over the continued lack of support which it is receiving from the government.' However, the habits of generations are not so readily amended. When the government appropriated approximately $130,000,000 for advances to exporters, against their bills-of-lading for goods shipped abroad, in order to assist them in financing the long credits which it is now necessary to make foreign customers, the latter took up altogether less than three quarters of a million dollars of the proposed government loans. This was due in part to the deterrent of official red tape, and a more flexible and somewhat less governmental method of financing exporters is under consideration. British business men will probably continue to rely mainly on private initiative. They have formed a powerful Federation of British Industries, a sort of national syndicate embracing 20,000 private establishments, having a capital of nearly $20,000,000,000. This new organization has two main objects: to represent manufacturers in their dealings with the government, and to promote the expansion of British industry and commerce. It maintains representatives in foreign countries, and sends its own agents abroad to investigate trade opportunities and secure orders.

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UPPER SILESIA AGAIN

WE recently printed a quotation from the letter of an American lady living in Upper Silesia, describing some of the outrages perpetrated by the Polish insurgents. We can now cap this with the following item, which appeared in *Der Kampf*, the organ of the Independent Socialists in Munich:—

About eleven P.M. day before yesterday, June 7, we entered a tram-car on Line Number One, going in the direction of the Eastern Railway Station, where we over-

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heard a conversation between two young men, one of whom wore the insignia of a Storming Corps as well as an Edelweiss decoration. This man, who was a member of Free Corps *Oberland*, said to the other: 'I have just got back from the front — Silesia. That 's the place for you! That 's the country to recover your health! For instance, I and a few others took 12,000 marks away from a Pole, and shot him afterward.' The other replied: 'Your wife will be delighted.' — 'Yes, I brought her some pretty knicknacks.' He had been promoted after the first fighting, and said in the course of his remarks that 'a majority of the Silesian patriots are students.'

This journal added that there were two witnesses to this conversation, whose names the editor had in his possession, and who were ready to give evidence as to these facts. Rather significantly, the night after this article appeared, the proprietor of *Der Kampf*, Gareis, a Socialist deputy, was assassinated just as he was entering his house. The *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* and other independent journals, in deploring this crime, frankly attributed it to political motives.

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LLOYD GEORGE AND THE PARISIANS

JEAN DE PIERREFEU, the author of *G. Q. G.*, and a man whose judgment of French political sentiment must be treated with respect, insists that Lloyd George is by no means unpopular in Paris. Many newspapers may attack him, but people should not confuse sentiments expressed in the press with the real feeling of the Parisians. The average Paris citizen, whether of the upper or of the middle class, has always had a liking for the British premier. His expressive countenance, his 'artist's hair,' his witty sallies, and even his insistence upon a vacation over the week-end, no matter what happens to Europe, appeal to the sympathy and understanding of the man on the boulevard. Even when he plays France a sharp turn, the latter merely smiles with amusement and exclaims: '*Ah, l'animal, il nous en joue des tours!*' Every Parisan understands that a man must look out first for his own country. He merely says: 'Let our fellows do the same.'

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DUELING IN HUNGARY

THE following characteristic incident of political life in Hungary is reported by *Pester Lloyd*. Edmund Beniczky, a member of Parliament, who had criticized the army in a speech before the House, was challenged to a duel by certain officers. He replied to this by another speech. The officers thereupon renewed their challenge, more insistently than before. It is rumored that Beniczky will refuse to receive the challenge and will bring the whole matter again before Parliament. This body is debating, and will probably enact, a law making dueling a penal offense, even though the Cabinet is not giving the bill official support.

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JAPAN ABROAD

MANY Japanese oppose vigorously the retention of Japanese forces in Siberia. The vacillating policy of the government in regard to this matter is doubtless due to the struggle between the militarists, who would hold Eastern Siberia by force, and the liberals, who believe Japan's interests in that region are more prejudiced than aided by an aggressive policy. *Hochi* says that 'if we hesitate to withdraw our troops . . . the foundation of Japan's economic development will be completely undermined. . . . The situation in Siberia has become increasingly adverse to Japan. . . . Siberia should

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be left to the Siberians. . . . If the Communists are dominant, uprisings will occur among the people, and eventually the situation will become stabilized. The withdrawal of Japanese troops may accelerate this stabilization of political conditions, but it will not interfere with it.'

Nichi Nichi, after discussing other outlets for Japanese emigrants and finding them all undesirable or impossible, concludes that the only suitable place for Japanese to go at present is South America, and especially Brazil. The government of the latter country pays a bonus of fifteen pounds sterling per head for immigrants. 'Not only are Japanese welcome, but those already in Brazil have made a good showing. The Japanese settlers in California, who have been going there since 1882, now number about 69,000, and own 12,000 *cho* of land; while the Japanese immigrants in Brazil, who began going there in 1908, and number but 33,000, already own 76,000 *cho* of land.

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RUMORS FROM RUSSIA

Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn reports that Russia's requirements for cotton goods are about a billion English yards per annum. Less than 40,000,000 yards are in stock. Several textile factories have recently been shut down, and the present output of cotton fabrics does not exceed 200,000,000 yards a year, and probably falls considerably below that figure.

During 1920 Turkestan supplied Central Russia with about 100,000,000 pounds of cotton and something over one tenth that quantity of wool. Its total exports of raw materials to Russia were valued at 50,000,000 rubles in gold. The returns were a small quantity — some 650 car-loads — of manufactured goods and timber, besides gold, precious stones, and tobacco. The cotton area of Turkestan has declined two thirds since 1917, while the flocks of the Kirghiz nomadic tribes, who graze sheep throughout these provinces, have decreased in a most alarming way. When the war broke out, they numbered 15,000,000. Their present total, it is estimated, does not exceed 2,500,000.

Great Britain has just published an important White Paper embodying the final report of the 'committee appointed to collect information on Russia.' This is said to be the most 'exhaustive, cautious, dispassionate, and conspicuously impartial document' which has yet appeared on this subject. It is based largely on Bolshevist sources, corrected by the evidences of foreign observers in Russia. To judge by the reviews, one of the principal services of the document is the historical review it gives of the progressive changes — mostly for the worse — in economic conditions from the beginning of 1917 until the present time. Most accounts which we have received from Russia are attempts to depict a cross-section of economic conditions at a particular date.

According to *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn*, the Soviet government is now reconsidering its recent decree abolishing money as a measure of value and a means of payment. Money is necessary in case of concessions granted by the state. This journal recommends reëstablishing savings banks and cooperative credit institutions, and the ultimate introduction of metallic currency. It even suggests paying interest to depositors — a long step indeed toward rebuilding Russia's economic structure along very much the same lines as the system which the Bolsheviki themselves destroyed.

According to the London *Nation*, whose comments are confirmed by

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reports from other sources, the new Moscow Ambassador in Persia, Theodore Rothstein, is rapidly ousting the British from the privileged position they obtained in that country immediately after the war. The so-called Lynch concessions have been annulled, and the remaining British officers in the employ of the Persian government have been dismissed. *The Nation* says: 'Russia is reaping in Persia the fruits of her own astute act of self-abnegation. She gave up everything, concessions, roads, telegraphs, banks, without asking a penny of compensation, and after this, it is hard for us to stick to our gains. The result is an unchallenged Russian ascendancy, which rests on a nation's good-will.' Russia has adopted the same policy, of annulling all ancient privileges and concessions granted to that country and its citizens in China, though with what immediate practical success remains as yet somewhat obscure.

In this connection, a communication by an Australian correspondent to the London *Spectator* is not without pertinence. 'Break your Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and what does it mean? I will tell you: an alliance in the near future — German-Russo-Japanese. Let us not deceive ourselves that either Germany or Russia is dead. Look at your map and see what that means. We are doing our best at the present moment to force Germany toward Russia; and if we break our alliance with Japan, we shall force Japan, entirely against her will, into an alliance with Russia.' Our readers will recall the cogent arguments in favor of such a coalition as is here predicted, in the Durnovo Memorandum, which we published in our issues of June 11 and 18. Naturally such an arrangement must await some revision of Soviet policy; but that policy is proving very flexible, and military compacts are not impossible where trade compacts already exist.

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MINOR NOTES

THE wool position continues to disturb Australia. An immense reserve, exceeding an entire annual clip, was accumulated during the war. The growers of this wool have been paid for it — indeed, well paid — from public funds. At least this is true of Australasian growers. But this wool now hangs over the market, holding down prices for the new clip. The growers argue that the old wool should be withdrawn from the market, and some, adopting the reasoning of cotton-burners in the South, would have it sunk to the bottom of the ocean. Wool-consumers, however, urge that the general public should get a return for the money, which it advanced in the form of taxes, to buy the wool accumulated during the war, in the form of lower prices now for clothing and other woolen goods.

LAST year a Dutch expedition was sent to Spitzbergen, to survey the coal resources of that Arctic island. These fields belong to a Norwegian company, but most of the shares are held in Holland. Investigation showed workable deposits, with veins averaging more than six feet thick, containing 1,600,000,000 tons. It is estimated that when the mines are fully equipped, the output will reach four tons per day per man employed, and the cost of working will range from one dollar to one dollar and twenty cents a ton. Ocean freights will somewhat more than double this cost by the time the coal is laid down at North European ports. The company hopes to bring the production up to half a million tons the coming season. Operations will continue throughout the year.

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The industrial crisis in Czechoslovakia is attributed largely to the high prices of coal and coke. In the Czechoslovak iron industry the bare cost of production is thirty per cent more than the selling price at German furnaces. As a result of the general higher price-level of domestic manufactures, the people of the country are curtailing their purchases to the utmost, and are buying largely in Vienna.

ACCORDING to the statistics recently published by the Italian government, more than 211,000 persons emigrated from Italy during 1920, of whom more than 169,000 came to the United States. The next largest contingent, 28,000, went to the Argentine Republic. Brazil received 8593, and Canada 3325. Had there been transportation, the emigration to America would have been much heavier, the number of departures being considerably less than two thirds the number of passports issued.

THE index number of German prices on May 7 was 1428, as compared with 100 in June 1914 — an increase of more than fourteenfold. Prices are now thirty per cent higher than they were in January, 1920, although they are twenty-six per cent lower than their maximum on May 1, 1920. Since the first of December, the decline in prices, though slow, has been uninterrupted. However, the fall between March 5 and May 7 was only one per cent.

A BLOODY conflict recently occurred between the South African police and a fanatical sect known as the 'Kaffir Israelites,' in which 171 of the latter were killed and 126 wounded. The large proportion of killed to wounded, as the London *Nation* justly observes, 'excites the gravest suspicion.' This native sect, which, in spite of its name, is referred to as Christian, is said to expect some magical intervention of heaven to destroy the whites, and to base this belief upon its own peculiar interpretation of the Old Testament.

THE London *Outlook* discusses at some length the rumors regarding the retirement of Lord Northcliffe from the control of the London *Times*. That paper has been 'an expensive toy,' and certain powerful industrial interests, disgruntled with Northcliffe's opposition to Lloyd George and to the Lloyd George policy in Ireland, are rumored to be willing to pay a tempting sum for its control. If that occurs, this will be a great personal success for the Prime Minister. The *Times* will 'not improbably swing toward the right, approximating its standards of belief and conduct to those of the Prime Minister and the *Morning Post*.'

AFTER the revolution, Germany abolished, among other privileges of the nobility, the right of certain families to be exempted from the provisions of the civil law and to be governed only by their so-called 'family law' — *Hausgesetzgebung*. By this enactment, more than seventy-nine such special statutes were repealed.

This explains how Prince Eitel Friedrich, the second son of the former Kaiser, has been forced to plead before an ordinary tribunal in Moabit to the charge of illegally smuggling property out of the country. The amount was some 340,000 marks in industrial securities. They were secretly transmitted to Holland through a Berlin agent. According to the Socialists, the courts dealt very gently with this ex-royal offender.

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THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE WORLD

BY THE PRESIDENT OF CHINA

[The following extracts from a book by the President of China, Hsu Shih-Chang, who is a scholar and writer of distinction among his own people, were made by a French official, Georges Soulié de Morant, for many years a judge in the mixed court at Shanghai.]

From *La Revue Mondiale, June*
(Paris Current Affairs Monthly)

The power of a nation is measured by three *M*'s: men, money, and materials. Now, of the four hundred million people who inhabited Europe in 1914, nearly forty million have been immobilized by death, wounds, or incurable war-disease. They were all in the flower of their youth and vigor. If we subtract the population below twenty and above fifty years of age, we discover that the Old World has lost nearly one third of its man-power, and that the survivors are burdened with the support of fifteen million war cripples, widows, and orphans.

A person might fancy that this loss of man-power would be seriously felt. Quite the contrary. Europe is suffering from an epidemic of strikes and unemployment. Discontent is universal; impaired morale lessens the output of labor.

Asia, on the other hand, goes on increasing its population. Its workers are becoming more numerous; they are obedient and cheap. Our cost of living has not changed materially.

Europe has also suffered a serious impairment of its material wealth. Northern France, Serbia, and Poland have been devastated. Losses due to underfeeding cannot be measured. Coal and iron are mined in diminished quantities. The decline and wastage of material wealth is commonly estimated at forty per cent of the pre-war total.

From the financial standpoint Europe's losses are crushing. Its total public indebtedness, excluding Russia, is tenfold what it was in 1914, and its issues of paper money are fourteen times the pre-war figures. In the madness of combat governments have spent without reckoning the cost. The paper money in circulation cannot be withdrawn except very slowly; for there is not enough gold to take its place. Meanwhile prices will remain unstable. China and India still retain their former metallic currency. . . .

The whole world is mobilizing its resources to repair the effects of this disaster. Even the nations of Asia, indignant for years at the aggression of western powers, and rendered conscious of their own possibilities by the example of Japan, are redoubling their efforts to equip themselves with the resources of modern civilization. They are reforming their system of education, of finance, of agriculture, of manufacturing, of commerce, and of government.

Methods of education vary according to national temperament. Frenchmen are naturally individualists; Germans love discipline. When either nation attains ascendancy, she seeks to impose her ideas upon her neighbor. When she is defeated, she tries to acquire the qualities of her conqueror. In my opinion, the French system is much the better; for it teaches independence of opin-

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ion at home, and discipline and unity abroad. In the United States, stress is laid upon practical instruction, in order that each citizen may attain material success; and this in turn benefits the nation as a whole.

We have learned many lessons from the war. Physical training is receiving more attention; technical and commercial schools have been multiplied. Germany, realizing that her defeat was partly due to the weakness of her diplomacy, is improving this branch of instruction. Chemistry has gained new importance, and her military secrets are more carefully guarded. Confucius says: 'Riches are riches. What have they to do with education?' But to-day one cannot acquire wealth without education, or perfect education without wealth.

In China we have constantly endeavored to perfect the dominant virtues of our race. A gardener hastens to plant chrysanthemums under his pear trees. Now, each nation has its special virtue. The Romans were great masters of organization; the Germans were mighty warriors. The Chinese are by instinct devoted to peace. However, European militarism, which is constantly invading Asia, is forcing us into a new path. After 1900, we sent our students to Europe and Japan. To-day the Flowery Kingdom possesses three universities on the European model; one hundred and thirty important technical schools; six important and one hundred and eighty smaller normal schools; four hundred and sixty secondary schools; more than one hundred and twenty thousand primary schools, and more than eight hundred girls' schools.

Western nations have resorted to different financial policies, with the uniform result of raising taxes to the point where they stifle production, paralyze commerce, multiply unemployment, and decrease revenue. Russia has repudiated her debt and has reverted to a system of barter. Apparently the Allies, still stunned by the great catastrophe, are unable to adopt a single command in finance, as they did in the army just in time to escape defeat.

Turning to manufactures, it is not enough to produce in greater quantities. Three conditions are needed to restore prosperity. If any one of them is lacking, the two others are useless. We must have raw materials, the conversion of these materials into goods, and a market for the finished products; and the three must be in harmony with each other. Europe's raw materials are produced on farms which have suffered seriously by the war, or are derived from mines which are crippled by repeated strikes. That continent therefore has become more dependent for these upon America and Asia, and here the problem of exchange presents itself. China possesses untold wealth of every raw material, as yet practically untouched. She produces to-day only two per cent of the world's coal, less than one tenth of one per cent of its iron, tin, tungsten, and other industrial metals; less than one thousandth of one per cent of its petroleum. Japan possesses practically no iron, but little cotton, and a very inadequate supply of coal. South of us, the mineral resources of Indo-China, Siam, Burma, and India — except the oil-wells of Borneo and Java — are equally undeveloped.

Naturally the conversion of raw materials into finished goods requires machinery and labor. Europe's labor-supply has been seriously lessened by the war, while that of Asia remains intact. On the other hand, war demands caused a rapid increase of machinery in both Europe and the United States, so that Western factories are in a position to produce more than the world can consume. Therefore, those countries cannot keep their machinery working.

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This explains why, in spite of their diminished labor force, they are all afflicted with unemployment.

Asia, on the other hand, is relatively destitute of machinery. Our spinning-mills, which lead among native establishments, contain a million and a half spindles in China, and three millions in Japan, as compared with fifty-two millions in Europe, and thirty-three millions in the United States. Our factory operatives number only a few hundred thousand, while in France, Germany, and England, they number millions. In 1919 China made one hundred and sixty thousand tons of pig iron, at a cost of thirty-one dollars a ton. She imported half a million tons, at prices ranging from seventy-five to two hundred dollars a ton.

Markets are conditioned by consumption. Europe's consumption has decreased because the population has declined and taxes have risen. So it must find added markets for its manufactures abroad. The United States is in the same condition. Africa is of little importance as a consuming continent, therefore the excess tends to flow to Asia, particularly India and China, and Asia has been sufficiently enriched by the war to buy more liberally than heretofore.

France will be so largely employed restoring her devastated regions that she will not export many goods for several years. Three countries, leaving out of account Germany, will compete for the Asiatic market: Japan, the United States, and England. The Empire of the Mikado has the advantage of the best geographical situation. Her factories might give her first rank in this field; but her imperialist ambitions have driven her to policies which offend Chinese buyers, and they are boycotting the products of their neighbor.

England is mainly concerned in selling to Central and Eastern Europe, which are in her immediate neighborhood, while the United States, though favored by the possession of Pacific ports, is hampered by lack of cheap shipping and by her own tariff policy. China is not yet in position to control her own commerce. She has less than twenty-five hundred miles of railway, and only two large ocean steamers. She has not yet fulfilled the ten conditions necessary for prosperous trade: good laws, a scientific tariff, the abolition of internal duties, a uniform reliable currency, speedy and sure mails and telegraphs, direct and rapid transportation, technical training, capital, mutual confidence among merchants, and scientific advertising.

Germany will soon resume her former place in the world's industry and commerce; but she will be mainly engaged for a time in supplying and developing Russia, her immediate neighbor. She will turn to Asia after she has restored her merchant fleet.

Agriculture, upon which the economic life of every country is ultimately based, has been the subject of the most profound solicitude on the part of every European government. In China the situation is very different. We use no artificial fertilizers. Our agricultural implements are cheap and primitive. But the cost of production is very low, and this enables us to support our population at a minimum cost. However, cheap food means low wages, not only on the farms themselves but also in our factories.

In Europe, the people advocate government operation of railway lines, shipping lines, and other large enterprises. That may be necessary in case of war; but it will certainly result in higher taxes and less efficient management; for it is the experience of every government that public undertakings are operated at a cost from two to five

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times higher than that of private undertakings. As it is, the number of government functionaries has multiplied in Europe beyond all precedent, and it is almost impossible to dismiss them.

In China we are trying to modernize our government. There is the same effort in India, where ambitious and eager young men want to adopt Western methods outright, without studying with sufficient care the differences of race, and the fact that Occidental government is the product of an exclusively Occidental civilization. Our political reforms ought to be based, so far as possible, upon our own experiences, precedents, and culture.

France lost her leading position among the European powers in the second half of the nineteenth century. She had served England well by assisting that country in her wars against China and Russia; but when England made the error of abandoning her neighbor, in 1870, the latter sought the friendship of Russia, and in turn became the servant of that Empire's political ambition, and the supplier of its purse. It held Germany in check, thereby enabling the Tsar to extend his possessions in Asia. French money, disguised as Belgian capital, also served Russia's interests by building railways and promoting transportation lines in China.

But we have already bought back the Peking–Hankow railway. Old Russia has disappeared. Now France must enforce her treaty with Germany, and erect a barrier of friendly states south and east of middle Europe to defend herself. For many years her interests will be mainly localized in Europe. However, as the possessor of the most important iron mines of that continent, she will have to find markets for her steel, and also for the cotton fabrics of Alsace. She will be more or less interested, therefore, in the only open market in the world — China. Her natural policy in Asia will be to maintain our national integrity, and to strengthen the bonds of friendship which already exist between our countries.

The United States occupies the eastern coast of the Pacific. She holds the key of our highway to Europe, the Panama Canal. So she advocates the open door. As soon as Europe has rebuilt its factories and again becomes independent of American goods, the latter will come to China. By using her share of the Boxer indemnity to pay the expenses of Chinese students, America has aroused a sentiment of gratitude among our people which will not disappear. The future of the Great Republic is in the West.

Great Britain has held first place in the Orient since the opium war and the seizure of Hongkong in the middle of the last century. She has compelled us to grant her citizens special privileges, from which they have drawn great profit. She used the aid of France at first, and later the aid of Japan, to check Russia's advance into Asia, and has occupied Weihaiwei and Kowloon. Although Central and Eastern Europe now occupy her principal attention, she organized an important convention of English business men at Shanghai in the fall of 1919, to consult regarding the most effective means of ensuring the continued supremacy of British commerce in Eastern Asia.

Russia and China have a common frontier thousands of miles long. The fact that we are thus immediate neighbors, and that the network of railways connecting our territories is constantly extending, makes inevitable our future close relations. China can look forward to an important market in the Russian dominions. Russian predominance in Eastern Asia has not been destroyed; it is merely for the time being in eclipse. An alliance between Germany and Rus-

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sia will ensure their joint mastery of Eastern Asia.

Japan and China are commercially interdependent. The Japanese buy cotton, hemp, and coal from us; we buy manufactured goods from them. In 1914, the Mikado's Empire accounted for one fifth of our foreign trade. It might have acquired a preponderant position in our market, had it not insisted upon special privileges which caused us deep offense.

China's first condition of survival is unity. That alone suffices to make her a great power, even without large armaments. However, the Western nations obstruct our progress. They have created special rights and spheres of influence, which prevent our developing our own territory. They create among us a hatred of foreigners, which harms them and us alike.

Extra-territoriality makes every group of foreigners in China, together with a certain number of Chinese, a state within the state, not subject to the laws of the country. By subjecting these foreigners solely to the jurisdiction of consular courts, this system makes it necessary for Chinamen to do business with people who are not bound by the same laws as themselves.

We cannot change our customs duties without the unanimous consent of the Great Powers. They were fixed at five per cent *ad valorem* in 1850. In 1906 certain specific duties were levied, based upon the five-per-cent standard. However, the subsequent great rise of prices, while the duties thus remained fixed, has reduced the latter in some cases to the equivalent of less than one per cent *ad valorem*. Recently we have been permitted to increase our duties by two and a half per cent, in return for abolishing our internal duties. Meanwhile the nations which thus trade almost freely with us impose duties of twenty-five to one hundred per cent upon our product. In Japan certain raw materials pay up to three hundred and fifty-five per cent import tax.

To-day the whole world is apparently longing for a permanent peace. If this desire is honest, would it not be wise to study the real causes of the great wars of the past, in order to remove them? Should we not investigate ways of preserving peace, so that we may put them into effect as soon as possible?

Some assert that the Great War was due to Germany's desire to control a railway from Berlin to Bagdad, and thus to extend her influence to the Persian Gulf, with the ultimate object of conquering India and, eventually, all Asia. But her project came into conflict with the vital interests of Russia in the Black Sea and the Dardanelles. Therefore, the Tsar tried to strengthen the southern branches of the Slavic race by every peaceful means in his power, in order that they might become a barrier against German ambition. At the same time the Kaiser threatened England by his naval programme. It was therefore inevitable that whenever resistance to Germany's ambitions came to a head, a war would occur.

This desire to seize what belongs to other people, to extend dominion by sly manœuvres or brutal assaults, is the seed of all wars.

It is an unhealthy and dangerous impulse, common to every nation and every individual. It is something we ought to destroy first of all by education, then by private law, and last of all by international agreements. At present, however, the textbooks of history used in the West are filled with recitals of battles, glorifying the names of conquering generals and the devastators of peaceful countries. The great benefactors of humanity have brief mention. European civilization reserves its highest honors in times of peace for its war-

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riors. It seeks to enhance the glamour of their profession by brilliant uniforms and decorations and processions and celebrations. How is it possible for the child who is growing to manhood to escape the conviction that the greatness of a nation is measured by its conquests, albeit they are utterly unjust, and by its wars, albeit they are carnivals of slaughter? Where do we find the tomb of a sage which rivals the tomb of Napoleon? How can each coming generation fail to be influenced by teachings so destructive of social welfare and peace, when it sees the highest officials of the government, its men of letters, its inventors, its engineers, going about modestly in the same garb as their fellow men, receiving no special honor, wearing no decorations except for length of service; in every way less regarded than military men even of low rank? The whole Western world, forced to fight for generations against invasion from the East, has become impregnated with a spirit of conquest and violence utterly hostile to permanent peace.

China, on the other hand, has always regarded military leaders as inferiors, and has honored them far less than she has her scholars, her poets, and her civil functionaries. A popular proverb says: 'Don't use good iron to make a sword; don't waste a good man to make a soldier.'

The Chinese are taught from infancy the stupidity of destroying life and property, and the utility of producing wealth, and of living in harmony with one's family and one's neighbors. Our highest honors, our most memorable tokens of respect and veneration, are bestowed upon our wise men and our public functionaries. For twelve centuries our great academy of the 'Forest of Pens' has never admitted a general or a Buddhist priest. A field-marshal has the same political rank as a provincial governor; but he does not receive the high salary, the public regard, or the external marks of respect given the latter.

The West esteems material things above all else. Its people are constantly struggling to advance, to increase their fortunes and their honors, to enlarge their treasures; above all, to impose on others their ideas, their sentiments, and their customs.

In the Orient civilization is based primarily upon non-material things. Our teachings and our rites aim to cultivate harmony and discourage controversy. Men of ardent and warlike natures learn to fight; but to fight their own anti-social impulses. By the time they grow old, they have been trained all their life to conquer the avarice and cupidity natural to their later years. The whole teaching of Confucius is directed toward making men honor and admire moral greatness and despise material things.

This explains why the Orient has fallen behind in material civilization, especially since the middle of the nineteenth century, which was followed by a great outburst of scientific progress in Europe.

But what has been the result of this excessive material progress? By it the whole Occident has been ruined, shattered, ground to pieces. The Orient is to-day far better off than the rest of the world.

Is it not possible to use what wisdom there may be in the teachings of the West to correct the defects of the East, and to apply the training and habits of Asia to alleviate the evils of Europe?

Western schools invariably teach that power and wealth are acquired by force and fighting. Would it not be wiser to teach the art of living in peace? We should never lose sight of the fact that we are making to-day the history of the future, and we should consequently be ever seeking the shortest

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and surest road toward the common happiness of mankind. Sixty million men have been under arms. Thirty-two nations have been at war for nearly five years. The ruins which encumber the Western world are not yet cleared away; and already the people are arming again; their governments are manœuvring for supremacy more ardently than ever. New wars are brewing on every side.

This desire to possess what we do not own, to get wealth by hook or by crook, is not a sentiment likely to heal the ills of humanity, especially in the West, where the love of combat is already so deeply rooted. While waiting for some more rational scheme of education to cure these ills, governments might at least — if they really wish to avoid war — obviate some of the causes which are leading directly to future conflicts. If the question of the Near East had been discussed and adjusted for decades by a council of the Great Powers, Germany would have known that all the rest of the world was against her, and would have bowed to its decision. Now that Western industries are urgently seeking markets, the question of the Far East will again become acute. It is certain that Japan, the United States, Great Britain, and eventually France, will each do all in its power to secure a lion's share of our trade. If the alliance we foresee between Germany and Russia is formed, or even if Russia alone recovers rapidly from her ruin, the situation will soon demand adjustment, discussion, and action.

The League of Nations is not a success, because each of its members seeks to preserve full liberty to extend its dominion and power. Each member wishes to use the League to cripple the progress of its neighbors, but does not propose to be crippled in its own progress. The spirit of conquest and violence is just as strong as ever in the Occident. To be sure, the history of civilization is receiving a little more attention in the schools, and recitals of slaughter and carnage are not quite so prominent in courses of instruction as heretofore. But military training is gaining ground.

The West has not yet begun to teach what we have always taught in China, that the welfare of the nations and the happiness of mankind do not depend primarily on science, intelligence, glory, or a government powerful abroad; but that they depend on labor, thrift, consideration for our neighbors, and mutual helpfulness. The latter are non-material objects in life, but the most important for which we can strive. Idleness, prodigality, covetousness, tyranny — these we must root out of our hearts. Confucius says: 'You do not keep in your house a thing that is poisonous and spoiled. Why then do you keep in your heart a sentiment that envenoms human happiness?' His doctrine is based on three principles: self-perfection, respect of justice, and resistance to tyranny. These are the principles upon which all social life is based.

Europe is already old enough for us to discern from its history the common origin of all its wars and revolutions, and to base on them a doctrine and a method of instruction that will protect us from deceiving ourselves and others. During China's five thousand years of history, practically every doctrine and theory of life and society has been examined and tested. Even Communism, which is now ruining Russia, was tried for twenty years in the twelfth century of the Christian era throughout the whole Celestial Empire. The results were precisely what they have been in Russia: misery, famine, public despair, violent revolutions, and bloody repression. The land was reallotted each year according to the number of persons in a

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family; the government distributed in the spring the seed which must be returned to it in the autumn. Cattle and other livestock were loaned to farmers by the government. But the principles of private property and of personal liberty are too deeply rooted in the hearts of men. China had to give up this unnatural theory. Ought such lessons, bought with so much suffering, to be of no service whatever to the world? Is humanity to continue thus blindly mutilating itself, plunging headlong through ever bloodier disasters toward an unknown goal?

The theory of human progress is now a dogma of world-wide acceptance. But history proves that our present course of progress is a constantly widening spiral, departing ever further from the only goal which we ought to seek: the happiness of mankind.

THREE PHILOSOPHER-PROPHETS: DEAN INGE, BERTRAND RUSSELL, GEORGE SANTAYANA

BY ARTHUR McDOWALL

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THE world has never quite decided what it means by a philosopher. It knows, of course, that there are professional or academic thinkers, and these are definitely the writers whom it does not read. It respects their privacy, not because it values their thoughts, but because it does not understand them. To call a man a philosopher seems thus to put him in the corner; and yet we inconsequently use the name as a term of highest compliment. When we talk of the philosophy of Montaigne or of Emerson, we seal the charm of those authors with a kind of impregnable dignity.

This suggests, perhaps, that while we shrink from the academic thinkers, we may not be wholly the dull fools we seem for doing so. How much of the philosophy written between Plato and Nietzsche is 'musical as is Apollo's lute'? We have a secret hope that it may be divine; but then the wisdom which it loves must be the largest wisdom. It seeks an impersonal truth, we know, and leads into impersonal regions; but we want to feel that a person's whole virtue has been taxed to find them. That philosophy should use itself on technicalities and polemics may be a sign that it is only a by-play of the understanding.

For whatever reason, the gulf between the professed philosophers and the public is generally a wide one. Hume crossed it, and Mill; so did Spencer, thanks to the favoring wind of science. At present we are exceptionally rich in having three writers who have done the same thing, — Dean Inge, Mr. Bertrand Russell, and Mr. Santayana, — and the excuse for attempting a general appreciation of them is that they have enabled us to know them as men, and men of letters. Strange to say, this has not shattered their respectability as thinkers. They have their own place among the elect, and the public to some extent can under-

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stand it, since they all have the gift of exposition. But we read them, in general, because they are not only profound but alluring — because each has a powerful individuality and is a master of expression. These qualities have drawn them irresistibly out of the narrower circle of their studies. They belong to life and letters too; we want to read Dean Inge when he chastises the age, Mr. Russell as he sketches his ideal society, and Mr. Santayana as an interpreter of poets. Their writing obviously belongs to minds which have the will to criticize experience, and it has made so much impression that they may certainly be numbered with our prophets.

In these days prophets are often indistinguishable from sages, the prophetic *nuance* lying chiefly in a stronger idealism or in less restraint on temper. These writers all have the stamp of intellectuals, and yet in some ways they have filled the prophetic rôle exactly. To go into a deanery is not quite the same thing as going out into the desert; but Dean Inge has known how to secure the detachment of a free speaker. He took the side of the prophets against the priests when he said that organized religion had been a failure, and that Christianity was not imagined by its Founder as an institutional religion; and it is, again, with a kind of sacred rage that he dissects our shibboleths, especially Progress and Labor. At the same time he outlines what seems to him a truer vision. So does Mr. Bertrand Russell, who, after being vowed, apparently, to mathematics and a logical philosophy, found himself involved with the world because he had proclaimed unpopular opinions. The main lesson of the war for him, he has told us, was that it suggested a fresh view of the springs of human action; and with all his critical acuteness, but with an unexpected strength of feeling, he urges us to revise the traditional beliefs about society and conduct. Some violence is needed, I own, to bring Mr. Santayana into the same category. His temper and secluded fame protest against it, yet he, too, is in his quiet way a revolutionist, offering even more clearly than the others a way of life and a refuge from illusions.

Of these three no doubt Dean Inge is the one who has been listened to most eagerly. A London deanery is an admirable place for exercising personal magnetism, as was proved by Church and Stanley. But Dean Inge's searching quality has carried further; no more incisive mind, no wit so mordant can have harbored under St. Paul's since Donne was there. He and Donne seem alike, too, in their fastidiousness of temper, which yet goes with a wide and minute curiosity; as in their metaphysical turn of mind and their demand for a faith that will satisfy intellectually. There the resemblance ends, for Donne's passionate and imaged eloquence is as remote from the present Dean's as his life, broken and then united, is from Dr. Inge's consistent development.

It has been a development, none the less. The book on Christian Mysticism which made him known is comparatively dry and meagre beside his later writing. The problem before Dean Inge, if we regard him for the moment simply as a man of letters, was whether he would manage to carry the burden of his knowledge. And part of the interest — one might almost say the excitement — of reading him comes from finding that he succeeds in doing it. The form is a student's form; it looks back to authorities and is studded with quotations. But his illustrations are really illustrations, not only making their point, but lighting up far reaches of type in thought and character. It is a pity that more readers should not attack *Plotinus*, though it is rather vast

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and difficult. It performs the hard task of reconstructing a dim figure truly, and yet making his thought live in the present, so that he is invisibly transported from ancient Rome to London; and it is also a burning expression of the high values in the life of mind and spirit. Even this grave book sparkles with epigrams; here, for instance, is one which deserves a larger audience:—

'There is no hint in Plotinus that earthly beauty is a snare of the devil. . . . We may suspect that when persons hold this view the reason is, if they are women, that Cupid has left them alone, and, if they are men, that Cupid will not leave them alone.'

Dean Inge's work has come steadily nearer to life and deepened in conviction and humor. His writing scarcely reaches the point where style is an imaginative power. It is terse and exact, above all, and yet full of pungent surprises.

The value of this thought is dispatched shortly in some circles by asking if he is a mystic and replying that he is not. According to the straitest sect this may be true, and if he were a complete mystic his writings would probably be less lucid than they are. But just as Charles Lamb, in the old house of Blakesmoor, felt that he had received there the spirit of 'gentility' by adoption, so Dean Inge might be called an adopted mystic, sharing this quality by the very type of his conviction. All philosophers, as Mr. Bertrand Russell says, have a mystical and a logical strain in them. And some would add that mysticism is the essence of religion. Perhaps the mystics of philosophy attracted Dean Inge before the mystics of religion; but in Christian Platonism he has seized the two influences at their point of contact and in the form that best meets the demands of reason.

But that is a restatement, and Dean Inge's influence lies less in any great originality of doctrine than in a finely stored mind and the strength of character behind it. This gives the sense of personality, unmistakably shown in moral courage — a quality so rare in opportunist days that it might be almost called original. Yet it is not entirely because the virtue has grown strange to us that Dean Inge's outspokenness suggests a problem. The vigor, not to say the violence, of so many utterances sets one musing as to their relations with the rest of his mind. Do they belong to his whole outlook, or are they an accident, or an unconscious gust of party?

Renan once said that he was not fitted for a democratic society: the omnibus conductors took him as a joke and he always got the worst place in a railway carriage. And in the future things would probably be worse instead of better. Dean Inge, though he has more stamina than Renan, is evidently haunted by the same apprehension. Under his pessimistic glance upon society there seems to lie a genuine shrinking from the multitude, which is hardly balanced by his saving faith in individuals. The last few years have certainly shown us much of the herd instincts of the crowd. But Dean Inge is an aristocrat by thought and nature as much as by experience; the trait reveals itself when he says that Christianity is never likely to be the religion of the many, or that progress is reserved for individuals. He is no faddist about individual feeling; patriotism appeals to him strongly, and he seems to object to Socialism more as a misplacement of values than as a restraint upon liberty. But his ideal liberty, one imagines, would always be supervised from above — by a Roman Senate when he thinks as a Conservative, and by Platonic 'guardians' when he thinks as a philosopher.

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You can believe in fixed, eternal values and yet hold, as the Dean does, that time is a framework for souls. But the belief, in a mind predisposed, may breed an aversion from change, a leaning to the past and not to the future, especially if the changes you foresee are hostile to your loyalties or interest. Dean Inge, having the power to hit hard, abandoned the contemplated attitude for this side of the prophetic office. The British public, which likes persistence and hard knocks and is quite unable to believe that when a man says there is something rotten in the state of Denmark he really means it, was thoroughly delighted. The odd result is that a spokesman nicknamed the gloomy — much as Jeremiah is called the weeping prophet — has become one of the chief contributors to the gayety of our nation. Dean Inge is shrewd enough to know that a prophet cannot count on being heard until he has been labeled with a character, but he may be suspected of feeling it necessary to live up to his reputation. And even this, perhaps, will hardly account for the fierce bleakness of his jeremiads. Some of his diatribes, with their emphasis and their omissions, leave an uneasy feeling that passion or accident has warped the speaker's judgment. They do not seem merely the recoil of a sensitive spirit, a milder form of that *sæva indignatio* which lacerated the Dean of St. Patrick's. They suggest, rightly or wrongly, the irritation of a relatively fortunate class, which sees its privileges undermined and is by no means sure that it would be good for other people to have more advantages.

This class-mark takes away some of the value of *Outspoken Essays*. In the Dean's religious and philosophic writing, though this, too, has the stamp of a tradition, his intellectual love of truth controls it. It is on questions of the day that class seems to infect his virtue of plain-speaking. Still this point can easily be exaggerated, considering the natural bent of his judgment. And though his criticisms are ruthless, his pessimism is more limited than it is generally supposed to be. It is not so much his conclusions about progress as his arguments which provoke a quarrel. The study of eugenics, which is just the kind of curious science that would have attracted Donne, though it makes some despair of Dean Inge, implies a sort of working faith in progress.

Mr. Bertrand Russell, willingly or unwillingly, has also put on the prophet's mantle. From being simply a distinguished mathematician and a very original theorist in philosophy, he has become a champion of certain ideals and a revolutionary critic of social and political traditions. Unlike Dean Inge's, his development seems neither clear nor final. His thought is full of swift turns and sudden illuminations, which make it hard to predict the point he will arrive at, or even to be sure that one has grasped him at the moment. But one contrast stands out too plainly to be missed. Side by side with an austerely logical and scientific philosophy, he has entered on a fresh outlook, in which impulse and feeling play the most important part. So much so that he might seem to be a logician doubled, as the French say, by an emotionalist; and though this may be too simple a way of putting the matter, it suggests that there are two sides to Mr. Russell.

There is no reason why the same person should not combine logic and emotion; was not Coleridge 'logician, metaphysician, bard'? And Mr. Russell, as we have seen, believes that philosophers have a mystical and a logical strain in them. But his thought is not metaphysical, nor much like Coleridge's, and it makes a contrast which almost passes into a cleavage.

Mr. Russell draws this cleavage him-

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self in a vivid page, where he divides the world of pure being, delightful to mathematicians, metaphysicians, 'and all who love perfection more than life,' from the world of existence, fleeting and confused, yet containing all physical things and feelings, everything which can do us good or harm or affect our valuations. According to our temperaments we shall prefer one or the other. Mr. Russell seemed to be decidedly one of those who love perfection more than life. Mathematics are a delight to him, and he has written passages with an almost mystical ring, in which he celebrates the virtue of those studies, their beauty, and their ability to satisfy a lofty hope. The gulf which divides them from literature is usually thought to be immense, but in Mr. Russell's case one cannot help feeling that they have made him write all the better. Surely no mathematician has produced such excellent English; it really does convey, with its firm lucidity, a feeling of the serene temples in which he has been. Few expound so well; his little book on *The Problems of Philosophy* is one of the best inductions ever written, and none the worse because it takes you straight to the heart of the question which interests him most. There are deeper notes in Mr. Russell, though they are scarcely heard at their best in his well-known essay, *A Free Man's Worship*, where the attitude was vivid but its dramatic expression was a little overdone. His later books, however, are remarkable in their mastery and variety of tone, for the way in which they will quietly open a long vista, or convey a strong feeling, in a few clear lines.

Whether his first studies had a share in this or not, they have certainly had another result. When he began to write philosophy, he brought the spirit of precision into it, but he left the spirit of delight behind. His ethical conclusion was rather aridly inhuman. A conception of the Good as something not only indefinable (which no doubt it is) but as a remote essence, unaffected by human interests or the movement of the world, can only be met with Socrates's reply: 'If you ask me whether I know a good that is good for nothing, I neither know it nor desire to know it.' Mr. Russell's ethical views have altered since, but philosophy remains austere for him because he keeps human values out of it. It will provide no answer to our doubts or wishes; the difference between a good world and a bad is a special matter that does not concern it. Mr. Russell's attitude is like that of the painters and critics who object to 'literary,' or even representative, art. He thinks that philosophers have been too literary and much too human. His call on them to imitate the patient impartiality of science is, in itself, most admirable. But as this means with him the conversion of all philosophy into logic, he may be thought — though his logic has done great services — to confuse the temper of science with the merits of his own department.

Now, it was a question whether a mind so susceptible as Mr. Russell's to the beauty of his studies, and so receptive (as he has shown since) to the demands of human sympathy, could rule emotion out of his philosophy without its taking a revenge elsewhere. The sequel shows that it could not, for as a social reformer Mr. Russell has given their due, and perhaps more than their due, to the cravings he suppressed. He was always more human than his theory: at the very moment when he described the good so coldly, he detected why most moralists have been so futile. It was because, wrapped up in 'duty,' they left out the whole range of interests which have value in themselves. And experience seems to have shown him that action cannot be cut

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to one measure, any more than theory can. Realizing the emotional ground of values, Mr. Russell avows himself less convinced than he was 'of the objectivity of good and evil.' As a man of science he was prepared to learn, and his Russian letters are very striking in their readiness to give up a cherished presumption when the facts deny it, and to recognize that theory is appalling when it becomes a relentless dogma. How, then, does Mr. Russell differ from a skeptic? Only in his conviction — which again is a lesson from the war and the sense of impotence it brought — that the things most worth having are those activities which are in themselves delightful and beneficent.

'The world that we must seek is a world in which the creative spirit is alive, in which life is an adventure full of joy and hope, based rather upon the impulse to construct than upon the desire to retain what we possess, or to seize what is possessed by others. It must be a world in which affection has free play, in which love is purged of the instinct for domination, in which cruelty and envy have been dispelled by happiness and the unfettered development of all the instincts that build up life and fill it with mental delights. Such a world is possible; it waits only for man to create it.'

This ardent vision, in its optimism, its belief in human innocence, its transcript of experience into terms of feeling, is exceedingly like Rousseau's. And we read Mr. Russell best in the way Rousseau is most truly read, as outlining an ideal rather than the plan of history. He himself admits that his tolerant anarchism could be realized only in some distant age, and, however Utopian he may seem, he expresses his dislike of Utopias so strongly that it is best to believe him. Doubtless his views on anarchism or syndicalism have counted most with many of his readers; for they have a topical or sensational ring, and Mr. Russell probably does not measure how his words will be taken. But he is a psychological reformer rather than a politician. His theory that impulse counts for much more than we suppose, and that we can, and should, pit the creative impulses in life against the possessive, has a freshness and beauty of its own; beyond question Mr. Russell's ideal world would be pleasanter than ours. Why does his view leave a misgiving, then? Partly because of its optimism; it overlooks what he recognizes, for instance, to be the prime cause of war — that a large proportion of mankind have an impulse to conflict. However we may reform marriage, property, or education, will this impulse ever be eliminated in a world where Nature is herself competitive? And the method itself is dubious, because it builds on impulse more than will, and feeling more than character. It is delightful to think that we might all live like grown children or inspired artists. Mr. Russell's doctrine gives the spontaneous side of creation, — that is why it is refreshing, — but it leaves out the persistent element in growth and experience.

It is a blend of logic and emotion much commoner in French minds than English. But Mr. Russell is more aware of the gulf to be bridged than most French revolutionists; against the passage I have quoted from *Roads to Freedom* might be set others, very different in key, from *Principles of Social Reconstruction*. He feels that thought and instinct can be harmonized only by entering the life of spirit, and that the marriage problem, for instance, may find no radical cure except through a religion sincerely believed in. He is, in his own way, a mystic, and he has told us that a mystical emotion about the world is the inspirer of whatever is best in man. Just as he has written in this

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way about the austerer sciences, so of life generally he says that those who promote it best aim at 'what seems like a gradual incarnation, a bringing into human existence of something eternal, something that appears to imagination to live in a heaven remote from strife and failure and the devouring jaws of time.'

But while believing in this emotion as an attitude toward life, he holds that, as a creed about the world, it is mistaken. There is a dramatic interest in the way in which his thought hangs on this nice balance between the sensitive and the critical.

Mr. Santayana takes us into another region and another temperature. There is no question of political opinions, and still less any problem of changed views or of the contrasted sides of personality. From the first line he has written to the last he appears completely armored with a philosophy, or rather a whole view of life, which is such a part of him that he is never inconsistent, and yet so flexible that it is a medium for all he has to say.

Long before we have discovered what this view is, we get the sense of completeness from his style. This, too, seems mysteriously full-grown and perfect, so that he is never caught learning how to write. The most that can be said is that his first book, *The Sense of Beauty*, has a less generous substance than the others. But there or anywhere Mr. Santayana's prose is essentially the same. It is compact to the last degree, elaborate, almost sententious, and must be read slowly until you have caught its tone. Yet at the same time it is rich in wit and color and has a genuine rhythm of its own; open his severest book and you will come at once on sentences like these: 'Personal temperature, moreover, is sometimes tropical. There are brains like a South American jungle, as there are others like an Arabian desert, strewn with nothing but bones.'

It would be easy to make a day-book of Mr. Santayana's aphorisms; but Mr. Pearsall Smith has done something better; for his choice of *Little Essays* shows that this color is not mere ornament or epigram, but runs through all the texture. While Dean Inge and Mr. Russell each have high qualities as writers and a distinctly personal effect, Mr. Santayana has these things in the combination which really makes a style. Thoughts become images to him, and when style is thus thoroughly imagined it has a new existence or personality: the creative, embalming essence which makes the work of those who have it more real than they are themselves.

Mr. Santayana, who divines the spirit of art so well, has also spoken of its finer business with a kind of Platonic severity. Most diligently would he yoke it to the rational, social life of man. And there is the same conscience in his writing, which always obeys a central thought. He demands this conscience from the poets, and turns naturally to those of them who have it. So his criticism is a philosopher's, first; but it is also a philosophic criticism in the larger sense, for he has a principle of interpretation, a way of seeing things as a whole, which makes him grasp imaginative types. He has done this with Browning and Shelley, and in his book on Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe.

His philosophy, in fact, is a human wisdom. It is like the *sagesse* of Montaigne, and one envies Mr. Santayana, as one envies Montaigne, for his hospitable way with experience. But Mr. Santayana is a thinker by mind and training, as Montaigne was not; he believes in truth and feels an imperious necessity to find it. He is always close to one problem, the relations of the actual to the ideal. There, where the

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ground is apt to yield, he meets us on a firm basis of conviction. Nature, one might say, is all for him; the processes of the world, the field of sense, the play of impulse and desire, are the soil where all ideals grow, and which they must suit if they are not to be vacuous and sterile. The abstracted dreaming which neglects this makes him say that 'nothing is cheaper than idealism.' And yet, though dreams may be cheap, nothing except ideals has any value. It is the ideal world which men build up in religion, thought, and art that makes their happiness and glory. Mr. Santayana is no materialist. When he has to answer the question why a sheer naturalism must be sad, he replies unexpectedly, with St. Paul, that it is because things seen are temporal and things unseen are eternal, and the eternal — or the ideal — is the truly human.

And is not this, we may ask, just what a fervent idealist would say? No, for Mr. Santayana imposes one stern condition. Ideals *are* ideal. They can transfigure human life, but they are no pledge of supernatural realities beyond it. Indeed, Mr. Santayana maintains that we should be positively worse off if they were. For then — and this is one of the moments when he seems characteristically Greek — God and eternity would become merely another set of existences, needing a higher power or necessity to regulate them. Religion is a reading of moral values, purely human and symbolic. 'If we look on religion as a kind of poetry . . . that expresses moral values and reacts beneficently on life, we shall see that Christianity is alone justified.'

Clearly the Life of Reason has stringency as well as charm. On the one hand it is generously wide, for Mr. Santayana will leave nothing out of it — neither nature, 'a perfect garden of ideals,' nor religion, though he converts it into myth, nor, least of all, society and art. It is a harmony in the interests of happiness. This is humanism, by every mark, and the form he has given it is natural to a Latin like himself, with unbroken centuries behind, in which men have learned the art of life: a great vantage-ground, from which he has just looked back so amusingly on the bewildered American scene. Except the Catholic Church, nothing is quite so calm as Mr. Santayana. But — let us not mistake it — his thought has traveled each step of the road. Really it is a strenuous vision, for our faith in ideals must be lively if we cherish them although they tell us of nothing but themselves. Of Dean Inge's philosopher, Plotinus, Mr. Santayana has said that his bread turns out to be a stone. Many people will say this to Mr. Santayana when they learn that ideals are only human after all.

Mr. Santayana's thought, then, is perhaps more aristocratic than Dean Inge's. His ideal is hardly for the many, because of what it excludes no less than of what it comprehends. It excludes faith, in the accepted sense, and the belief in souls as real existences with a further destiny. It excludes also something hardly less dear to a perverse generation — the open mind. He asks us to be certain, and to be certain of our limits. This may lead a philosopher to peace; but peace by contract, on the final question, is what few men desire. Nothing has yet stopped them from asking what life means, and why they are involved in it; and probably nothing ever will. The only alternative is such a change of temper as Tchekhov offers, simply and strangely, in his counsel to a friend: 'Don't look at life so much as a problem — it is, most likely, far simpler.'

The attitude of these three philosophers toward mysticism, which means such different things to each of them, will bring the contrast between them to

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a point. Dean Inge is the only one who accepts it both as an experience and as a philosophic faith. Mr. Russell stands on the brink, awake to the spell, allured there in heart and spirit, and feeling some reflected beauty from it, even in his thought. But, like Mr. Santayana, he will not take it as a creed. Mr. Santayana has said very hard things of mysticism, which he calls, not a religion, but a religious disease. For him it is a blank surge of feeling, so that, as he says maliciously, the art of dealing with it is to be mystical in spots. Yet the presence of this element in Spinoza has not prevented him from feeling the power of that great man's spirit. Borrowing some words of his for a context that was not intended, we might fancy him saying of Dean Inge's mysticism that it is 'moderately indulged and duly inhibited by a residuum of conventional sanity,' and of Mr. Russell's attitude that it is 'only an exaggeration of a rational interest in the highest abstractions.'

AMERICA'S UNITY

BY PROFESSOR RUDOLF KJELLEN

[*Professor Kjellen, a distinguished historian and professor of political science at Upsala, has just published an important work of which the German version is entitled,* Die Grossmächte und die Weltkrise. *He is one of the first authorities in Europe upon the economic and cultural forces governing international relations.*]

From *Neue Freie Presse, May* 29
(Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily)

'Asia is a unit,' said the Japanese statesman and scholar, Okakura, in 1903. Asia is a unit, notwithstanding the absence of a precise boundary between it and the adjoining continents, notwithstanding the contrasts which distinguish its great civilizations in China, India, and Arabia, and notwithstanding the fact that it has no common standard-bearer. But how much more truly is America a unit, with its well-defined continental boundaries, its weaker internal contrasts, and the uncontested leadership of the United States. Is not the United States, as Decker said, the natural centre of a political solar system where planets and satellites revolve around their own sun? America is one, and the United States is its prophet.

Provisionally, this unity is not political, and it may be a long time before it becomes so. On closer observation we discover that America's political development has tended toward subdivision into minor states; and that this subdivision has assumed a dualist aspect. Dualism, so familiar and so fatal in the old Hapsburg monarchy, is a constantly recurring *leitmotiv* in the New World.

It might be said that dualism was imposed upon the Western Hemisphere by the map. Are there not, in fact, two continents, North and South America? Is not the narrow and geologically recent Isthmus of Panama a natural boundary? History answers, no. The two continents have never been separate and independent units. Panama

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has always formed a bond, not a boundary, and has become more of a bond than ever, now that it is cut by a canal.

Instead of that, a great historical contrast unites South America with Central America beyond the Isthmus, in opposition to the remainder of the Northern continent. The dividing line was drawn by history, not by geology. Latin races originally occupied the South, Anglo-Saxons the North. Thus there was gradually formed a culture-frontier of primary importance, coinciding with the boundary between Mexico and the United States. South of this flows the Latin blood, strongly intermingled with that of the native races. This latter fact constitutes a new point of difference, affecting not only race, but also civilization; for the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of the northern portion of the hemisphere have preserved intact their purity of race.

We discover that this difference is primarily a politico-racial difference. For a long period it involved also a difference in the form of government — between government from above and government from below; but this contrast began to disappear about a hundred years back, and when Brazil became a republic, in 1889, it entirely ceased to exist.

Besides the division represented by the southern boundary of the United States, there is a second division between independent nations and the survivals of European colonies. However, that division is neither so deep nor so well defined as the former. Independent America still resents the European holdings in the Caribbean region. These alone give political significance to the broad ocean salient between the two halves of the Western continent. But the United States is laboring deliberately to dislodge Europe from these outposts. Having acquired Cuba and Porto Rico in 1898, and the Danish Islands in 1917, it is probably only a question of time until all other remnants of transoceanic sovereignty will have entirely disappeared.

The next point to attract our attention is that the plans of the United States in this region are not limited to European colonies. Independent governments in the West Indies and Central America are dropping one after another into that country's capacious pockets. Panama disappeared in 1903, Santo Domingo in 1905, Nicaragua in 1910, and Haiti in 1915. We still recall America's intervention in Mexican affairs in 1911, when it pushed south of the great *kultur*-boundary of the Rio Grande. The powerful current of political influence is obviously flowing southward from the United States across this cultural water-shed.

What is to be the ultimate outcome? Nothing else than the unity of the hemisphere. The very year that monarchy disappeared from the Western world — 1889 — this movement started with the first international American conference. Its programme is Pan-American, and its ideal is inscribed over the three bronze portals of the Carnegie Pan-American palace in Washington: 'Peace, friendship, and trade.'

English Canada is not yet included in this plan. But Anglo-Saxon solidarity was tried and tested in the World War, so as to make it seem but a question of time when even that political boundary will vanish. Brotherhood of arms makes the common Anglo-Saxon pressure southward into Latin America only more powerful. To be sure, the Versailles Treaty has introduced a new element of political difference, since the United States and Mexico remain outside the League of Nations, while the other governments of America have joined the League. But it would be folly to suppose that this difference will be permanent or significant. It will take

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something much more real to destroy the unity of Pan-America.

In search of such a possible disturbing influence, let us now explore the strictly geo-political factors in the present expansion policy of the United States. It is at present the most obvious of all such influences. We shall discover that this is the force which is constantly shoving southward the dividing line between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon race; but that simultaneously every advance is creating a new dividing line in the Western hemisphere.

The ultimate reason for the present expansion of the United States — the only one which can appear important to such a gigantic country — is in the Janus type of its dominions. It possesses an Atlantic and a Pacific coast, which have no direct connection with each other. In order to overcome this constitutional weakness from the strategic and military point of view, the government built the Panama Canal. It thus made itself a new political stronghold, but also a new and sensitive point of attack to be protected. This first step inevitably leads to others. Three fan-like areas of interest radiate from the Panama Canal: first, the intervening continental territory of Mexico and Central America; second, the West Indies, with their exposed points of attacks from the eastward; finally, the neighboring territories to the southward, from whence the canal might be attacked, particularly Colombia and Venezuela.

This is as far as the logic of geography defines political boundaries. Is there any factor which gives unity to the three? The map itself replies: the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, or in a word, the American Mediterranean. Immediately there rises before our eyes a familiar picture in the history of geo-politics. It starts with the mastery of the Mediterranean by ancient Rome, of the Baltic by Sweden, of the Adriatic by Italy to-day, and of Great Britain's gigantic Indian Ocean power — a 'circum-marine' empire whose unequal fractions are fused into one by the ocean they surround. *The United States is laboring, like ancient Rome, to complete its Mediterranean dominion.*

This aspect of modern American expansion is contained within the broader geographical purpose of the Monroe Doctrine, which embraces all America. For a long time, it was overshadowed by this greater and world-recognized programme, though it did not entirely escape attention. In March, 1914, Calderon noted in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that the territories between the northern boundary of Mexico and Panama, together with the West Indies, Colombia, and Venezuela would constitute henceforth a 'zone of influence' of the United States. In the July number of the *Annals of the American Political Academy* of the same year, Admiral Chester characterized the same region as 'the greater Panama Canal zone'; and in a book entitled, *The Caribbean Interests of the United States*, published in 1916, an author named Jones conceives this region as a commercial unit in its relations to the United States. This region embraces five and a half million square kilometres of area and forty million people; it is about the same extent as European Russia before the war, and has a population equal to that of France.

What at once strikes the eye as unnatural in this geographical analysis is the separation of Colombia and Venezuela from the Southern continent, and their association with their Northern neighbor. Here two factors in geo-politics, South America and the Caribbean Sea, appear to come in conflict. Three great political influences, in addition to the selfish interests of the United States, favor the Caribbean idea.

The first is the old historical tradi-

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tion which has come down to us from the days of Spain's colonial empire. Until the close of the eighteenth century Venezuela and Colombia were united under a viceroy, as New Granada. This was an independent province separated from the viceroyalty of Peru. Even after it secured its independence, New Granada — including Ecuador — remained a single government until nearly 1830.

The second is strictly geographical. There is a secondary boundary within the primary ocean boundary of the Southern continent. This line follows the northern water-shed of the Amazon Valley. It is a particularly important boundary for Venezuela and Guiana — a colonial region which also lies in the Caribbean zone; and on its eastern extremity, it is strengthened by the flora-frontier between the prairies of the lower Orinoco and the virgin forest to the southward. The United States can base its political control over the Northern coast of South America on precisely the same motives and arguments which induced ancient Rome to become master of North Africa. The only difference is that Rome's African colonies were bounded on the South by a great desert, while the Caribbean coastal regions of South America are bounded by a virgin forest.

The third ally of the sea in this struggle with the continent is strictly political: the natural community of interest and the tendency to form alliances among the governments south of the Caribbean area. Here we encounter in reality two great processes, delimited by the same natural frontier, which, instead of conflicting with each other, reinforce each other. In the southern part of the continent the A B C formula is winning ground; it represents a drift toward a federation of the three principal South American powers: Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. This first manifested itself in the arbitration treaty concluded at the beginning of the century; it was strengthened by the fraternal celebrations of 1910 to commemorate their liberation from Spain; it became a factor of further political importance when these powers mediated between the United States and Mexico in 1914; and it was still further solidified in international law by a kind of entente in 1915. We discover here a definite essay toward a United States of South America, with its nucleus in the South Temperate Zone, just as the United States of North America has its nucleus in the North Temperate Zone. These are two centres of attraction whose influence gradually grows weaker toward the Equator. However, the equatorial zone coincides with the Amazon Valley, whose overland outlets are practically all to the southward. Consequently, the natural boundary of this group of governments in that direction is the northern water-shed of this valley.

Therefore, many important geographical considerations argue in favor of a political dividing line in the New World, following the Orinoco-Amazon water-shed instead of the present language frontier along the Rio Grande, or the prominent map frontier across Panama. We assume as a matter of course that the two buffer states on the Plate River — Paraguay and Uruguay — will affiliate themselves with their larger neighbors. On the other hand, Ecuador, the old partner in New Granada, will join the other camp, particularly since the United States already has its eye on the Galapagos Islands as bases for the defense of the Panama Canal. Perhaps the zone of interest created by the Canal on the Pacific Coast will reach down to Peru, so that Bolivia's position in the system will remain uncertain. The idea of a greater Colombia, to include also Bo-

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livia, Peru, Ecuador, and Venezuela, has been mentioned; but merely in a speculative way. If we include Bolivia with the southern system, where it naturally belongs, the latter will form a political area 15,000,000 square kilometres in extent, with an ultimate population of 50,000,000. It will be a worthy pendant of the North American power, and will be scarcely inferior to the latter in economic resources, embracing as it will the products of both the tropic and the temperate zone. But its population will be scarcely a third that of its northern neighbor; and in total power and resources it will be greatly the inferior of the latter. Furthermore, the A B C must contend with a divided leadership, while the United States of America will continue to possess undisputed supremacy within its zone of control.

This concludes our little analysis. Its object is to point out a subdivision in the unity of the two Americas more important than the geographical division between the Northern and the Southern continents, or the linguistic and racial division between the Anglo-Saxons and the Latins. It points to a development likely to supersede the premises of Monroe and to retard the realization of a Pan-America. It suggests also a development likely to absorb the future energy of the United States in its own hemisphere and to handicap its efforts to Americanize the world.

Naturally, this geo-political analysis does not presume to be a political prophecy. If America's efforts at expansion are now focused on the South, it will be the first case in history where this has occurred. All previous experience indicates that this Power, the greatest in the world since the conclusion of the war, will tend to extend along its own parallels of latitude — toward Asia and Europe. Quite possibly that will be the shortest route to a mastery of South America; for Europe and Japan are the last flank defenses of the Southern continent. In last analysis, the vigor and power of the other continents will be the principal obstacles to the unity of America.

THE RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF H. G. WELLS. II

BY A. E. BAKER

From *The Church Quarterly Review, April*
(London Theological Journal)

It would be unjust, not to recognize that there is another side to Mr. Wells's theology. His God, he tells us, is of the nature of will, as will is of the nature of thought. That seems to imply a certain initiative on the part of the deity, a further personality than the abstract idea which is all that Positivism has ever worshiped. 'God is a person who can be known as one knows a friend . . . he is helped and gladdened by us. He hopes and attempts. . . . God is no abstraction or trick of words, no Infinite. He is as real as a bayonet thrust or an embrace. . . .'

Elsewhere he speaks of God as 'spontaneous,' and says 'He himself remains freedom, and we find our free-

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dom in him.' And again, 'In this book it is assumed that *God responds*, that he gives courage, and the power of self-suppression to our weakness.' It is assumed that God responds! There is no attempt to prove it, because Mr. Wells's belief on this point rests, not on argument, but on experience. The reality of his religious experience is one of the most interesting things in Mr. Wells's theology, especially to Christians.

No living writer of fiction has made so many attempts to describe that immediate experience of God which gives certainty and passion to the religion of all who have passed through it. The visions in *The Soul of a Bishop*, and the religious experience of Mr. Britling, are still fresh in the public memory. But similar descriptions, varied and often beautiful, sometimes strangely convincing and reminiscent of the writings of the mystics, are scattered through many of the novels. There are many in *The Passionate Friends*. As far back as 1906, *In the Days of the Comet* shows that he understands the mental and spiritual conditions of such experience, and can describe its effects. He describes, in a way which shows the influence of James's *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, how restricted living and base immediate motives make life unendurably bitter, how disappointments and thwartings light up, though indistinctly, the darkness of the unregenerate life, until a sudden disgust, a sense of unworthiness, a realization of sin, issue in the desire for a comprehensive sustaining communion, a great passion to escape from the jealous prison of self. . . .

It is in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* that Mr. Wells has given his most realistic description of religious experience, and one which illustrates what is the common Christian instinct, that the important conditions of spiritual illumination are not physical, but moral. (As our Lord said, 'He that doeth the will of God, he shall know.') It was when Mr. Britling was doing all that he could do to make future wars impossible, by writing a letter which should attempt to explain England to Germany, the ordinary decent Englishman, father of a son who had fallen in the war, to an ordinary decent German father whose son had also been killed, it was then, as he tried to say the reconciling word, that he realized the presence of the God of whom he had thought many times: —

> a presence so clear to him that it was behind his eyes and in his brain and hands. . . . Mr. Britling's thinking about God hitherto had been like someone who has found an empty house, very beautiful and pleasant, full of the promise of a fine personality. And then as this discoverer makes his lonely, curious explorations, he hears downstairs, clear and friendly, the voice of the Master coming in.

The Christian God, at the beginning, was a democratic God, a King whose subjects were all his dear children, who numbered the hairs of their heads, and gave his Son that they might share his freedom. The patient trust in the plain man, which expected the best from him and waited until he gave it freely, implied no less than this. This was the religion of Jesus, of St. Paul at his best (as when he wrote the Epistle to the Galatians), of Luther when he wrote *The Freedom of the Christian Man*. For this faith Father Tyrrell was a martyr, and this is what is expressed in Rabindranath Tagore's *King of the Dark Chamber*.

If there is such a thing as Divine Providence, this is what God is revealing to the men of our generation through the political, social, and economic movements of our time, and through modern science also. And it inspires a significant passage in *Joan and Peter*, a passage which suggests what is part of

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the ultimate Christian solution of the 'Problem of Evil.' Peter dreams that he seeks out God, and arraigns Him for the lack of decency, the lack of order, all the cruel and unclean things, in the universe. God challenges him to change it. 'If you have no will to change it, you have no right to criticize it.' He has been busy complaining of God and his pastors, masters, and teachers. But from himself, positive achievements are still to seek. He has been a vigorous member of the consuming class, but he's got nothing clear and planned. He complains of God's lack of order: —

> Where 's the order in your own mind? If, says God, I was the hot-tempered old autocrat some of you people pretend I am, I should have been tickling you up with a thunder-bolt long ago. But I happen to have this democratic fad as badly as anyone — Freewill is what they used to call it — and so I leave you to work out your own salvation. And if I leave you alone, then I have to leave that other — that other (like you) at Potsdam — alone. . . . What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the Kaiser. I 've got to leave you all alone if I leave one alone. In spite of the mess you are in. So don't blame me. . . . There is n't a thing in the whole of this concern of mine that Man can't control if only he chooses to control it. . . .

Intellectually, of course, Mr. Wells is an agnostic. But he is not an agnostic of the school of Huxley, but of the characteristically English, and Christian, school of Bishop Butler and Mr. Balfour. He knows how indefinable are the grounds of faith or doubt, how subconscious, bedded deep in what is instinctive and hereditary and non-rational, are the roots of the 'will to believe.' There can be no mathematical demonstration of spiritual realities, the answer to faith's questions is always, as it was to Elijah, a voice of silence. It is higher than language, deeper than thought, wider than all definition. And yet it is there, more, not less, real and significant than the things we can state and prove and pigeon-hole. The concluding passages of *Joan and Peter* are an impressive statement of this Higher Probability.

> There was a light upon his life, and the truth was that he could not discover the source of the light nor define its nature; there was a presence in the world about him that made life worth while, and yet it was nameless and incomprehensible. It was the essence beyond reality, it was the heart of all things. . . . It did so uphold him that he could go on, he knew, though happiness were denied him; though defeat and death stared him in the face.

The important thing about Mr. Wells's religion, as this passage illustrates, is that, like Bishop Butler and Cardinal Newman, he is dominated by the certainty of that which logic cannot prove, the faith in which is beset by almost insuperable difficulties, which stands rooted in denials, but for whom he feels the undeniable obligation to give all that he is, come what may. *The Undying Fire*, Mr. Wells's fascinating modernization of the Book of Job, shows a man whom the urge of God drives on to conquer doubts, weakness, and the tyranny of circumstance: —

> There burns an undying fire in the hearts of men. By that fire I live. By that I know the God of my salvation. His will is Truth; his will is Service. He urges me to conflict, without consolations, without rewards. He takes, and does not restore. He uses up and does not atone. He suffers — perhaps to triumph, and we must suffer and find our hope of triumph in him. He will not let me shut my eyes to sorrow, failure, or perplexity. Though the universe torment and slay me, yet will I trust in him — and if he also must die — nevertheless I can do no more; I must serve him.

The reality of Mr. Wells's religion is revealed most convincingly, perhaps, in an important detail that is easily overlooked, although in it Mr. Wells es-

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capes from a characteristic weakness of 'advanced' thought. It is common today for people to pose as reluctant agnostics, who would believe if they could. They seek for God, but cannot find Him. . . .

But the more ordinary witness of genuine religious experience is that God is an abiding presence, in whom we live and move and are, who is so terrible that no man can see His face and live, from whose overwhelming presence, though we flee in fear, we cannot escape. This terror of the infinite is the note of Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*.

In the experience of the mystics these two elements are combined, the search for God and the terror of God, 'love and dread,' as Mother Julian calls them. And they are combined in Mr. Wells:

> The individual human mind [he says in *Boon*] spends itself equally in headlong flight from the Universal, which it dreads as something that will envelop and subjugate it, and in headlong flight to the Universal, which it seeks as a refuge from its own loneliness and silliness. It knows very certainly that the Universal will ultimately comprehend and incorporate it, yet it desires always that the Universal should *mother* it, take it up without injuring it in the slightest degree, foment and nourish its egotism, cherish fondly all its distinctness, give it all the kingdoms of existence to play with. . . .
>
> Ordinary people snuggle up to God as a lost leveret in a freezing wilderness might snuggle up to a Siberian tiger. . . .
>
> We like to think of religion as something safely specialized, codified, and put away. Then we can learn the rules and kick about a bit. But when some one comes along saying that science is religion, literature is religion, business . . . is religion! . . . it spoils the afternoon. . . .

However much we may dislike Mr. Wells, it is at our peril that we deny the presence of the real prophetic note in such writing as this.

WAR IN THE PACIFIC

BY JOHN L. BALDERSTON

From *The Outlook, May* 28
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

Many years ago it was an American, Captain Mahan, who made England understand the fundamental principles of sea power. Now, a British writer[1] repays the debt by explaining to the Americans the strategical situation in the Pacific, and calling their attention to the omissions and deficiencies in their naval preparations that make for almost inevitable disaster if they have to fight Japan in the near future. It is extraordinary that no American writer has undertaken the task; many 'scare' books have been written, dealing with imaginary Japanese assaults on the Pacific coast, and other absurdities, but no one before Mr. Bywater has attempted an informed study of the navies of the two Powers and the strategical and political factors in Eastern waters that would determine their activities in case of war.

Mr. Bywater's book contains an analysis of the existing and projected

[1] *Sea Power in the Pacific.* By Hector C. Bywater. Constable.

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fleets of the two rivals, and shows in conclusive fashion how Japan has built with the strategical necessities of a war with America in mind; while the United States has piled up Dreadnoughts haphazard, Congress has year after year knocked out of the naval bills items providing for Pacific bases and for fast cruisers, until the American fleet appears, in spite of its paper strength, unfitted for the task of fighting Japan. All of the more modern Japanese ships of the line, for example, are two knots faster than the corresponding American vessels, and Japan has four battle-cruisers, while America until 1923 will have none; so that if, before then, the American fleet should venture into Eastern waters subsequent to the almost inevitable capture of the Philippines, Japan could hazard an indecisive action, inflict as much damage as possible, and break off the battle at her own time, without permitting the more numerous but slower United States Dreadnoughts to force a fight to a finish.

If a Japanese-American war takes place, Mr. Bywater seems to believe, it will occur at the moment chosen by Japan, very possibly late in 1922, and will result in its initial stages in the defeat of the United States and complete success for the Island Kingdom. Why should the two nations fight next year, if they are to fight? On this point Mr. Bywater is most interesting. Next year, he says, Japan will enjoy a relative strength that she can never again hope to reach. Possibly the battleship Tosa, with ten 16-inch guns, will be in service; certainly Japan will have the Nagato and the Mutsu, carrying eight sixteens, together with five other super Dreadnoughts and four battle-cruisers of the Kongo class capable of 27½ knots. The United States in 1922 will possess twenty-one super-Dreadnoughts, apparently a crushing superiority. But the fastest of these can make only twenty-one knots, the first three American battle-cruisers will not be ready until the year following, and the Nagato and Mutsu, not to mention the more powerful Tosa, will be two knots faster than the Colorado and Maryland, the only American ships then in commission carrying guns of equal strength. Moreover, the American fleet will not in 1922 possess any modern fast light-cruisers.

Mr. Bywater demonstrates, then, that in 1922 the Japanese war fleet in its own waters, or in the Eastern half of the Pacific, can engage the American fleet with a squadron of battleships and battle-cruisers all faster than the Americans, and so able to strike and break off the action when it suits the Japanese admiral. With the passing into service, in 1923, of America's mighty battle-cruisers, this ability to strike and run away, and leave to destroyers and submarines the task of finishing off disabled enemies, will be lost. After 1922 the American fleet might be able to force a fight to a decision, and this could lead only to the defeat of Japan.

There is still a stronger reason, however, why Mr. Bywater seems to fear war next year. He declares that 'the issue of an American-Japanese war would primarily be decided by the fate of Guam.' Guam, we are told, is 'the key to the Pacific.' It is situated 1510 miles west of Manila, and is 3330 miles east of Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. The Philippines, Mr. Bywater declares, could not be made the base for the entire American fleet, which would run the risk, or certainty, of being trapped there. Accordingly, Japan at the outbreak of hostilities would find the islands an easy prey, too far removed from the Pearl Harbor base, 5000 miles away, to be defended, were it not for the island of Guam. Mr. Bywater writes:—

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To say that Guam bears to the Philippines the same relation that Heligoland bore to the German Bight, or that Malta bears to the defense of English interests in the Mediterranean, would be to understate rather than to exaggerate the facts of the case.

By properly fortifying and developing this island as a naval station of the first rank, the American people would do much to relieve themselves of anxiety as to their future in the Western Pacific; for no power would venture to molest the Philippines while a strong American 'fleet in being' was based at Guam, only 1500 miles away. On the other hand, lacking fortifications, docks, magazines, and other appurtenances of a great naval base, the island would not only be useless as a *point d'appui*, but must fall into the enemy's hands. The fate of the Philippines is thus indissolubly connected with that of Guam. We may, indeed, go further, and say that the issue of an American-Japanese war would primarily be decided by the fate of Guam.

The bearing of Guam on the possibility that war may be provoked by Japan in 1922 lies in the fact that the American Government has at last awakened to 'the supreme importance of this lonely outpost in the Pacific.' Secretary Daniels, in his 1920 report, stated that 'the project for the development of Guam as a naval base is progressing'; but these plans have not yet progressed beyond the paper stage, and, therefore, if war came next year they would be useless. Mr. Bywater indicates that, given time, Guam could be made an impregnable base for the American fleet for the cost of less than one battleship. Stationed there, the fleet could raid the Japanese trade-routes with Europe, protect the Philippines, and Japan would have no hope of winning the war. But will there be time to fortify Guam? Mr. Bywater's comment on the Japanese mandates in the neighborhood of Guam is significant. He writes: —

There is convincing evidence that the Japanese are fully alive to the significance of the island, and are not disposed to remain passive while America makes a belated effort to repair her long neglect of this magnificent strategical position. The majority of the European delegates at the Peace Conference were mildly surprised when Japanese envoys urged their country's claim to the former German territory north of the Equator.

It is doubtful whether even President Wilson and his staff realized to what they were committing themselves when — after some hesitation, it is true — they acquiesced in the clauses which confirmed Japan in the possession of the Caroline, Pelew, and Marianne Islands, excepting Guam, and of the Marshall Islands. The effect of this arrangement has been to surround Guam with a cordon of potential Japanese strongholds and naval bases. Japan, as mandatory of the islands, is not entitled to fortify them; but that she would forego the use of such invaluable bases in case of emergency is not to be believed. Hostile submarines, working from a base at Saipan Island, in the Marianne group, would be within a few hours' sail of Guam. A few hundred miles to the southwest lies Yap. This island is admirably adapted for use as a base for submarines or other vessels operating against the Guam-Manila line of communications, and so long as it remained in enemy occupation this route would never be safe.

Assuming war between America and Japan, and that the Philippines and Guam were promptly captured, Mr. Bywater rightly declares that American public opinion would not accept defeat and make peace, but would force the United States fleet into the Pacific, to attempt a counter-stroke, at whatever risk.

The author's analysis of the probable course of events is interesting, and probably sound. Following a popular outcry and the submission of the government at Washington to the demand for action against Japan, 'several courses would be open to the American

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naval command, but whether any of them would lead to the desired goal is doubtful. They might assemble the whole of their effective battle fleet at Hawaii and improvise an advanced base at Wake Island, whence they could either demonstrate off the Japanese coast or make a bold attempt to recapture Guam.'

Wake Island, as Mr. Bywater's excellent charts show us, occupies an important strategical position, 2010 miles due west of Hawaii. It is not, however, a secure refuge for a large fleet, and in only a few hundred miles north of the Marshall Islands, whence Japanese submarines might be expected to operate. 'In these circumstances, heavy losses would be almost inevitable; nor must it be forgotten that serious damage from torpedo, mine, or other cause would be equivalent to total loss, in view of the absence of docks and repairing plant.' The Americans, we are told, would lose every disabled ship to a certainty, being without a proper base, in the event of a fleet action anywhere in the Western Pacific.

Mr. Bywater's discussion of a possible battle between the main forces of the two Powers is worth quoting at some length. He enumerates the points in favor of the Japanese that make up for the numerical superiority of the Americans: —

> First, they would be fighting at no great distance from their own great naval bases, and would, therefore, arrive on the scene of action in a condition of maximum fighting efficiency, and with the knowledge that a short and secure line of retreat lay open to ships that might suffer injury. Secondly, they could emerge with the whole of their serviceable heavy ships, cruisers, and destroyers, including the older boats of limited fuel capacity; whereas it is extremely doubtful whether the American fleet would be accompanied by more than a portion of its full complement of destroyers. Thirdly, they would possess in their four battle-cruisers of the Kongo class a squadron of heavily-armed ships at least six knots faster than the American battleships, — the first American battle-cruiser will not be ready before 1923, — thereby gaining a tactical advantage of the highest importance. Fourthly, having decided to fight, they would proceed to call up every available submarine, ordering these boats to lie in wait to attack the American fleet before and after the action. This list does not by any means exhaust the advantages that the Japanese would enjoy, but it will serve to show that the numerical preponderance of the Americans would be heavily discounted by other factors. Any attempt to predict the course of events after action had been joined would be profitless. On paper, at least, the contemporary battleships of the two Powers are well matched. . . . Failing authentic data, it is impossible to say whether either fleet has a marked superiority in gunnery. All that can be said with confidence is that the shooting on both sides would be excellent, since both navies devote ceaseless attention to the gunnery branch. Japanese officers affirm, however, that battle practice in their navy has been developed by methods more scientific and effective than those in vogue in the American service. Be this as it may, it is a fact that the Japanese navy, as early as 1915, was using fire-control instruments which were not introduced into the American navy until 1917 or later.
>
> The Americans would be sorely handicapped by their want of fast cruisers and aircraft carriers, and would suffer a further disadvantage by reason of their inferior speed. It is most improbable that the action would be fought to a finish, for the Japanese could gain nothing by exposing themselves to the crushing preponderance of the American broadsides. They would be more likely to use their superior speed as a means of breaking off the action when it suited them, leaving their destroyers, submarines, and torpedo planes to harass the enemy and administer the *coup-de-grâce* to his disabled ships. For the Americans, any result short of a complete and overwhelming victory would be tantamount to defeat, for the reasons already propounded; and the Japanese

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could be trusted to employ tactics which would rule out the chance of such a decisive issue to the encounter. The action would probably be fought at very long range. The atmospheric conditions in those latitudes normally permit of visual observation at greater distances than are possible in Europe, and some of the best naval shooting records have been made in Far Eastern waters. Then, too, the Japanese, having the higher speed, would be certain to fight at their own range and avoid closing to a distance at which the heavy American salvos could be concentrated with deadly precision. The presence of many destroyers with both fleets would be another factor tending to militate against close action. . . .

While an action fought under the circumstances described would most probably be indecisive so far as material results were concerned, it would nevertheless tend to confirm the supremacy of the Japanese in the Western Pacific, and leave the Americans in no better position than before. Owing to the great distances to be covered, raids by either side on enemy territory would be too difficult and dangerous to make them worth while.

A STUDENT'S LETTERS

BY GADIR

[*A Barcelona student, who speaks French and German and has already won success as a writer, contributes, under a nom de plume, the following observations upon Paris and Berlin.*]

From *La Vanguardia, March* 15, *April* 15
(Barcelona Clerical and Financial Daily)

I am on my way to study at Berlin. I chose the route *via* Paris because I wished to see again 'the city of light.' Like other beautiful things, the better it is known, the more it pleases. I never come here without discovering some new detail that I previously had passed over unobserved.

I rose at dawn to-day, and rejoicing with the Parisians in its bright welcome of warm spring sunshine, hastened forth to visit an old friend of mine, a painter who lived in the Latin Quarter, in a mansard chamber not far from the cupola of the Institute of France, and almost rivaling it in elevation.

My friend lived by his art after the modest fashion of the Bohemians of the Latin quarter. A single room served him as studio, bedchamber, reception room, and drawing-room. Opening off of it is a tiny kitchenette where he prepared his own breakfasts, and not infrequently, when funds run low, all his meals. I looked forward with eager anticipation to renewing my acquaintance with both my friend and his quarters. I could see the latter in my mind's eye — the easels with their disorderly burdens of canvases beside the fireplace, half-finished pictures leaning against the walls, two divans invariably monopolized by all-kinds of articles, a wardrobe, and in a corner a folding cot. My friend managed to exist on what his paintings and drawings brought him, although it was very little.

With all this in my mind, I reached the house where he lodged. The concierge remembered me, and detained me to say that my friend was no longer living in the mansard chamber; he had

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moved to the second floor. To the second floor! I was still incredulous with surprise when I found myself facing a door on the second floor, which actually bore the name-plate of my artist friend, with the title 'Professor.' What could he be professor of! Of course, he was teaching painting. A little page in uniform answered my ring and conducted me to a small but prettily decorated reception room, where a dozen or more people were already waiting. I thought I must be dreaming. My friend on the second floor, in a luxuriously furnished apartment, with a servant in uniform to attend to callers!

He explained things at once. He had deserted his Bohemian life and his art. The war was the reason. During those dark days, nobody bought pictures. The cost of living became impossible. A broadbrimmed hat and a flowing tie cost more than he got for an oil painting. To pay for a pair of boots, it was necessary to paint for a week and to spend another week running around trying to sell his pictures. In the old days, he could get a fair meal for less than a franc. To-day, one pays seven francs for a poorer one. Moreover, nobody will trust an artist any longer when he is temporarily out of funds.

So he was forced at last, by his extreme distress, to abandon art, and to become professor of a subject which it seems one masters by a very brief period of study. I mean the occult sciences. In fact, my friend's apartment is a sort of factory, with a regular corps of employees, where for a few francs you can obtain a complete history of your past, your present, and your future. It is a profitable trade. My artist friend is thinking of getting married and buying a house.

I departed, much disillusioned. I realized how greatly my friend had changed from the old days of his carefree *vie de Bohême* and aspiring visions. I thought regretfully of his former modest lodging, with its easels, and canvases, and still smelly pictures leaning against the walls.

However, my friend's case is not unique. The old Latin Quarter has vanished. Its familiar streets and byways no longer harbor a picturesque artist population. The few who are left slink by apologetically, followed by dubious glances — one can hardly say whether of pity or disapproval.

The old Bohemians have been transformed into government clerks, shop clerks, higher-grade artisans, employed in places where art goods are manufactured by wholesale, or — if more enterprising and energetic — they have retired to the country, to marry some rich village girl.

So the streets of the Latin Quarter are to-day just like any other streets in Paris. Their restaurants and cafés, with their high stools, which were formerly such joyous places, thronged with merry, thoughtless students and artists, are to-day quite like other restaurants anywhere in Paris. Students still throng the boulevard of Saint-Michel, but they are not the shouting, singing crowd they used to be. They fill the cafés, soberly drinking vermouth and talking politics.

The Luxembourg Gardens, formerly the rendezvous of students and artists, have become a little bourgeois park, where you see young matrons sunning themselves with their children in the morning, old men reading their newspapers, and nursemaids with their charges. Even the trees, which are just now bursting into bud after their long winter sleep, and the flowers, and the very benches, seem to regret the absence of the vanished generation of Bohemians who were the life of Paris.

Thus Paris has lost one of its greatest charms. It has lost its Latin Quarter.

I, who knew that quarter as a stu-

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dent, I cursed the inhuman and stupid war, which, after ruining so much else, has brushed away, as with a careless back-blow of its armored hand, the sites and scenes of my happiest memories.

Of the three great capitals of Europe, Paris, London, and Berlin, Paris is unique. It is the most perfect and beautiful and imposing city in the world. It charms and subjugates the visitor from the moment he sets foot within it. In respect to architecture and monuments, it will never have a rival, because it is the fruit of the labor of the French nation through all the centuries of its history. In fact, it is a mirror of French history. That is why we are so prone to identify Paris with France; that is what gives the city its charm, its indescribable fascination. People say, 'Paris is Paris.' It is a city which absorbs you and makes you part of itself. It is every man's home.

London is very different. For the first few days, the newcomer is disillusioned and repelled. His first month there is usually one of blues and rebellion. London is not an engaging city on first acquaintance. One continues to feel a stranger there for a long period. But his acclimatization once over, — and a difficult process it is, especially if he arrives in the winter, — he finds it hard to tear himself away again and to reaccustom himself to Continental Europe. He misses, long afterward, the tranquillity and poise, the conveniences and elegancies of English life. He becomes enamored of the wonderful 'City,' with its gigantic railway stations, its fantastic rhythm of life and movement, its miles of wharves, which are monuments to the nation's history. Yet how quickly you can forget the London of to-day, the mighty capital of the greatest empire which the world has known, the centre of the globe's wealth and trade and rule, when you turn aside into one of its quiet, restful squares, with their ancient ivy-covered monuments, which recall the leisurely, jovial life of 'Merry England,' of the old England of queens and armored kings and knight-errantry and tournaments!

Berlin, the Berlin from which I write to-day, possesses none of the qualities of either of its sister capitals. Our admirers of Germany tell us that it is the model metropolis. It is a model in the German definition of the word, with long straight avenues, broad and regular, with impeccable asphalt pavements, and with parks and squares that cannot escape monotony in spite of all their statues of kaisers and generals. It is a city of uniform buildings, of great shops of reinforced concrete which look like barracks, and of barracks which look like German bee-houses, with ultra-modern palaces of kaisers and crown princes, up-to-date museums, libraries, and government offices. Everywhere order and method. The one charm that Berlin possesses is its suburbs. One does not have to stay a week to discover that Berlin has not been built piecemeal by the loving labor of departed generations of Germans, but that it is a great real-estate development, laid out by postgraduates in architecture and city-engineering. Berlin is a city made in an office, and you cannot make real European capitals in an office. Nothing here starts you dreaming of the days of knightly lists and tournaments. Berlin contains no memorials of bygone royal magnificence, of princesses and clowns, of knights and pages. It is a parvenu capital, with everything put precisely in the right place. That is why admirers of Germany call it a model metropolis.

I have been told that Berlin is larger than Paris and smaller than London. Very few people reside in the centre of the city, which is a sort of official quarter, containing the former imperial palaces, the university, the libraries, the

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great museums, the government offices, and the banks. There is the famous *Unter den Linden* and the *Lustgarten,* on one side of the Brandenburg Gate. The northern section of Berlin is the business quarter and the one where working people live. It is the least impressive part of the city. I reside there myself, as do most students. The West End is where the wealthier people dwell, — particularly in Charlottenburg, Wilmersdorf, and Schöneberg. A little farther out are the really magnificent suburban parks, with their immense fir and pine forests and sylvan lakes, where the people skate in the wintertime and go picnicking on summer afternoons. . . .

What impression has Berlin made on me? That city, like all the rest of Germany which I have seen, is very different from what I anticipated. I came to Germany expecting to find cities in distress, people in rags, half-starved poverty in the alleys, stores and factories closed, theatre and music-halls and dance-halls deserted. Instead of that, Berlin and all of Germany show no trace of the suffering of the war and the defeat that followed. Business is carrying on as usual. The streets are full of life and incomparably cleaner and better kept than those of Barcelona. The parks and public gardens are much better cared for than are ours. I shall never forget the depressing effect which Barcelona made upon me, when I arrived last winter, to find the whole town placarded with handbills, advertising, auctions, forced sales, things going at half-price and below cost; and announcements that merchants were selling out their stocks and closing up their business. I found myself plunged in an atmosphere of bankruptcy where every man was trying to save something from the wreckage of his fortunes by desperate remedies, where a spirit of panic prevailed. I find nothing of that sort in Berlin. On the contrary, business conditions seem to the ordinary observer perfectly normal. The merchants of Berlin are not giving away their goods; they are not selling out at cost; none of them has taken a notion to go into violent liquidation; store-fronts are not deformed with glaring bunting signs — they are distinguished only by the ordinary, everyday announcements of their name and business.

I was struck at once by the poor taste of the Germans in matters of dress; but that has always been so. It is true of the men, who completely miss the knack of appearing well-groomed, but it is even more noticeable of the women. Their gowns look as if they had been dropped on them out of a fifth-story window, and one always has an uneasy feeling that their hats are on hindside-before. The Germans have no word of their own for elegance. They borrow the Latin term, *elegant,* to express that idea. This is no mere philological accident!

Berlin, like all Germany, conveys the impression of a nation at work, of people who are making things, who have what they need, who have surmounted the crisis of the war, and who have set themselves, with plodding resignation and the best of will, to restoring their depleted fortunes.

What surprises me most of all, however, is to find Berlin in a state of perpetual merry-making. Compared with Paris, it is like a metropolis *en fête.* On every hand are crowded restaurants, jingling orchestras, concerts, theatres, cinemas, and ballrooms, running full blast, day and night. All are well patronized. The city fairly makes a business of gayety. My acquaintances study hard and work hard, but they also dance hard and play hard.

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BLACK-BEETLES

BY J. ARTHUR THOMSON

From *The New Statesman, May* 21
(Liberal Labor Weekly)

One cannot expect enthusiasm on the subject of 'Black-beetles,' though they are not so black as they are painted, and though they are certainly not beetles. Cockroaches they should be called, if one wishes to be correct: *Orthoptera*, not *Coleoptera*. The common or Oriental cockroach, *Blatta orientalis*, is really dark brown, and it is worth noticing that Linnæus, who named it, said 'ferrugineofusca,' meaning, we suppose, rusty-brown. It is an alien to Britain, believed to have been introduced through commerce during the sixteenth century — whence, we do not know, though the discovery of some specimens living under stones and dead leaves in the Crimean peninsula points to Southern Russia as its original home. It is now found over the whole earth, and the only thing we are quite sure about is that it must have come to us from some warmer country. For it survives in Britain only as a sheltered member of our house fauna.

The common cockroach has a cousin, the German cockroach, *Blattella germanica*, dark-ochre or tawny, another naturalized alien, which is wild in the more central and northern parts of Europe and Asia. The politically minded may be interested to learn that this voracious, destructive, comfort-loving creature is called 'the Prussian' in Russia and 'the Russian' in Prussia — surely in its way a little parable.

Having these two kinds of black-beetles, we have more than enough; but there are unfortunately others — the large American cockroach, *Periplaneta americana*, common in shipping ports, and the Australian cockroach, *Periplaneta australasiæ*, a very destructive immigrant which probably came from Southeast Asia or Tropical Africa. The international compliments implied in the specific names, such as *australasiæ*, are not always justified. The scientific interest is this, that certain cockroaches, living a penurious life in the open in various countries, get linked to a trade-route, and spread over the earth as tenants of warm and sheltered places. We have here a notable instance of the influence of the hand of man upon the animal life of the earth. But there is something rather depressing in the fact that while the total number of different kinds of animals in Britain has not decreased since the repopulation after the Ice Ages, we have received rabbit and rat and lost reindeer and beaver, we have received cockroaches and the bed-bug, and lost the wolf and the stately Irish 'elk.' We have lost, not in quantity, but in quality of life.

Mr. Lucas notes that for any insect to have two colloquial names indicates that it is common and familiar, and as we spoke of black-beetles as a misnomer we wish to say a word about cockroach. It is said to be a corruption of the Spanish 'cucaracha,' probably meaning some sort of bug ('cuco'); and if this is so, we must agree with Mr. Shelford, another authority on these insects, that the American elision of the significant first syllable to give them the

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name 'roach,' already appropriated for a fish, is highly reprehensible. So that's that.

What is the secret of the success of the common and the German cockroach, not to speak of the others, in countries, like Britain, to which they are certainly not native? Our three indigenous cockroaches (*Ectobius*) that live out-of-doors are much less successful and are practically negligible. The success of the naturalized aliens depends on a variety of qualities. They are nocturnal in their operations; they run very quickly; they are able because of their much flattened bodies to get into inaccessible crevices; and in becoming domestic, they have got away from their natural enemies. Another quality of great survival-value is their wide range of appetite. As Mr. Frederick Laing says in his admirable British Museum pamphlet, *The Cockroach* (1921): 'Nothing which is at all edible comes amiss to them in the way of food. The paper or the whitewash on the wall, books, boots, hair, are all eaten as readily as the daintiest dish.' They are very fond of good beer. In a well-known book on the cockroach by Professors Miall and Denny it is observed: 'Cucumber, too, they will eat, though it disagrees with them horribly.' They have been known to try ink and blacking; they devour their own cast-off clothes (or moults), their own empty egg-capsules, and their own dead!

As long as they are not full-grown, they have this further advantage, that they can regrow their long tactile feelers and their lanky legs if these get broken — provided always that a little stump is left to serve as a starting-point for the regeneration.

As to family matters, the females of the common cockroach are about three times as numerous as the males, and have rudimentary wings. The pairing occurs in the summer months, and about sixteen eggs are laid at a time inside a dark-brown egg-capsule, which splits when the young ones are ready to come out. Mr. Laing notices that in most cases only ten or eleven of the sixteen eggs are hatched. The young cockroaches should not be called larvæ, for they are practically miniatures of their parents, though at first very delicate and with hardly any color. They grow slowly, and take about five years to become mature, moulting usually once a year. Perhaps things move more quickly when the conditions are less artificial than those which allow of scientific observation. Not that we wish them to move any faster, for Mr. Laing notes that three females kept in captivity from April to September laid twenty-five capsules. 'If we reckon that each laid, on an average, eight capsules, and that out of each capsule ten larvæ emerged, the progeny from a single female would total eighty. The numbers of cockroaches in our kitchens, therefore, can easily be explained.'

The German cockroach is only about half the size of the one we call Common; it is dark yellow or light brown in color; the females have wings as well as the males, and greatly outnumber them. The egg-capsule holds on an average about forty eggs, and it is carried about by the mother for two to four weeks until the young are ready to hatch out. As in the Common species, the capsule breaks and the young ones put their heads out; but there is this difference, that the mother is interested and helps them to escape. The newly hatched cockroaches are white and cylindrical, able to run about from the first; they soon flatten and become dark in color. Growth is rapid, and after about five months and as many moults (with a return to the white color at each disrobing), maturity is reached.

Perhaps there is not much of the romantic about black-beetles; but their

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repugnant smell and taste, due partly to the salivary juice and partly to wax-glands on the body, forbid impartiality. We say 'taste,' because it is notorious that they contaminate food carelessly left exposed. But no unprejudiced eye can call them ugly; and a green species we got the other day from Bristol was a truly beautiful insect. There is interest also in the glimpse of maternal care that we get in the German cockroach, pointing on to another kind, that Mr. Shelford tells us of, which carries about its lately hatched young ones.

The voracity of cockroaches, their contamination of food, and their repulsive smell, mean big black marks against them, and Mr. Laing notes in his excellent sixpennyworth that 'their presence in greater or lesser numbers may produce such a mental effect upon the inhabitants of a house as to react detrimentally upon the general health and well-being.' He tells us how they may be kept in check by means of traps and an excellent mixture of sodium fluoride and pyrethrum powder. But there is a broader way of looking at the matter, namely that cockroaches are disposing of 'crumbs' (in the wide sense) which are quite gratuitous, and that they are often sheltering in crevices which need not be there. They are comparable in a way to invertebrate rats. Though they have not been convicted as yet of being the vehicles of any disease that affects man, Mr. Laing tells us that the Common cockroach serves as secondary host to a bacillus which produces cancer in rats.

Although there is very little to be put on the plus side of our account with cockroaches, unless it be that they prey upon bed-bugs, we have reason for congratulating ourselves in one respect, that the Golden Age of cockroaches is over and gone. For they are insects of long pedigree, and they were at their climax at the time of the Coal-Measures. In his fine Ray Society monograph on British Orthoptera (1920), Mr. W. J. Lucas writes: 'Since Palæozoic times cockroaches appear to have decreased in *numbers* greatly, if not so much in *size*, and they must now be looked upon as but a dwindling remnant of a dying race. Let the careful housewife find in this fact what consolation she can: at any rate she may rejoice that the Carboniferous period is past, and that she is not required to combat the host of cockroaches which luxuriated in the warm, moist climate of that far-distant age.' We are glad of this consolation, but we do not fancy ourselves explaining it downstairs.

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THE FAMILISTÈRE OF GUISE

BY AUGUST STRINDBERG

[These hitherto unknown journals of 'the greatest Swedish poet of the nineteenth century' have just been given to the public by his executor. They are particularly interesting as a new account of a famous communist experiment in Northern France.]

From *Vossische Zeitung May* 15
(Berlin Conservative-Liberal Daily)

I had been so often cautioned, on the one hand, not to put faith in Utopias and visionary experiments, and exhorted, on the other, to build up instead of always tearing down, that at last I felt it a duty to discover some actual Utopia and to study and describe the way it worked. So I wrote my *Swiss Novels, or Real Utopias.* By the word *real* I meant to indicate that the plans there discussed had already been tested, and to impress on the reader that he had firm ground under his feet.

What happened? Well, one very intelligent friend, who himself had written much about the society of the future, hastened to thank me for the beautiful visions of a coming age, which I had embodied in my fiction.

So I had the old experience of Hans the Clown, who tried to tell the audience in the theatre that the building was on fire, only to receive thunders of applause for his clever joke. Really, it is a fine position in which they place us poets! We are applauded and lauded, but never believed. We entertain and delight, but never instruct. Why is n't poetry taken seriously? Is it our fatal destiny to be merely a higher kind of clown? And does our latest school of creative literature, with its ambiguous *documents humains* improve our status? Hardly.

So nothing was left for me to do last autumn but to make a personal visit to the social experiment at Guise, in the Aisne Department, in order that I might describe it with the authority of an eye-witness. Now I propose to give a plain, unadorned, matter-of-fact account of the Communist Palace, the Familistère, which has prospered there for nearly thirty years, known to few and overlooked by many.

The reader who is familiar with my earlier and colored account in my Swiss novel, *Die Studentin, oder Neubau,* which was based on printed reports, can now compare the unadorned reality with its poetic description, and perhaps, like myself, he will prefer the report to the story. In any case, I hope that this matter-of-fact letter will not have the misfortune, which many might regard an honor, to be taken for fiction.

When the traveler in the Brussels train has passed Compiègne, has left the Isle of France, and has reached Picardy, he observes that he has come to a more northern clime. The people are blond, stocky, and rosy-cheeked. The wine at the station buffets gets worse and the beer more drinkable. The cottages no longer have white roofs, and they are less cheery than those south of Paris. Their bare

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reddish-brown tiles lend the villages a dull, gloomy North German aspect. Old-fashioned windmills add to the northern character of the landscape, and suggest the vicinity of Holland.

This is the land of the white beet. As far as the eye can reach, stretch fields where nature is drawing from the fertile soil the material for sugar and spirits. Their broad expanses furnish subjects for exhibition paintings, and may lighten the labors of plantation negroes. Who knows?

On a rainy Saturday evening, when the chimes of the Gothic Town Hall tower were ringing a strophe of the Sicilian Vespers, my traveling companion and I alighted in the great market of Saint-Quentin. Close by the railway station is a monument to commemorate the heroic defense of Saint-Quentin, in 1870, against the Prussians. Are the French not a nation of self-confident optimists, who erect monuments to their defeat, and date their progress from théir disasters? Or is it perhaps merely the folly of a patriotism which never admits defeat?

The monument, by Barrias, represents an infantryman mortally wounded, his hand relaxing on his rifle, sinking back into the arms of a woman. She is glorious, robust, maternal, feminine, twice as large as the little dying soldier whom her outstretched arms support. Behind her stands a spinning-wheel. Not understanding what this symbol meant, I asked my companion.

He replied: 'The French idea of courtesy. As usual, they show little real reverence for women. She stayed home at the spinning-wheel, while the men went to the front and were shot. After all that they set up a monument to her! She courageously supports the man who sinks dying at her feet. If that is modern art, it is certainly old-fashioned.'

But I object: 'Probably she represents a mother, to whose comforting bosom the wounded man fled, as he did when he was hurt in childhood. That is old-fashioned, perhaps, but it is also eternally new.'

While our cab toils up the hill, my thoughts fly back to the monument at Courbevoie, where this same Barrias designed a statue to commemorate the heroic defense of Paris; in other words, its capture by the Prussians. The French, of course, insist that Paris never was taken by the Prussians, but surrendered voluntarily. Accordingly it is more honorable to surrender than to fall! *Chacun son plat.*

At Courbevoie likewise a very small man sinks wounded, his rifle shattered, at the feet of a woman. But this time it is a different woman — slender, broad chested, wearing a soldier's mantle and *bandelier*. If I remember rightly, she has a bayonet in her hand; and she stares defiantly at the victorious enemy. She has the hard masculine features and pitiless air of an Amazon. There is nothing maternal about her.

The sculptor seems to have represented two contrasting ideals of womanhood in these statues; the contrast which we find everywhere in modern woman. He did not take sides. Possibly he hesitated which to select, and so tried both. I do take sides, unhesitatingly, for the mother-ideal of Saint-Quentin.

On Sunday morning we begin the last stage of our journey, which is to bring us to Guise in a few hours. Possibly it was just here, where we now see boundless fields of sugar-beets, that the queens of Austria and Neustria, Brynhild and Fredegunda, fought their bloody battles, and the former queen was finally torn to pieces by wild horses, after exterminating like an Amazon the royal house of the Merovingians. That was not a royal death, but certainly not the death of a slave.

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In half an hour we are to alight at 'Utopia,' and our eyes are to see the Socialist Palace, where Capital and Labor have made a happy marriage. In order to guard myself against disappointment, I try to imagine it beforehand as ugly as possible.

It will naturally look like a barracks, a hospital, a factory, black and repellent. 'Naturally it will be black, because it is close by an iron furnace puffing out coal-smoke,' my companion observes. So we agree that it will be black. And it cannot be clean, for twelve hundred working-people, with their wives and children, live there. So we agree that it cannot be clean. It cannot be beautiful, because people have to live there like a lot of soldiers. Therefore it must be ugly.

Yet I came here to praise and to see things in the best light — in the golden light of truth. To be perfectly honest, the fact that Saint Peter's in Rome did not come up to my expectations from previous reading, was a matter of comparative indifference. That was only a building. But this Socialist Palace is more than a triumph of architecture: it is the embryo of a new society. And yet I approach it solely from the æsthetic point of view, and am wondering whether it is beautiful, clean, and all that!

The locomotive whistles for our destination — Guise. At the foot of a wooded height, nested in the valley of the Oise, I suddenly perceive a little aristocratic, ecclesiastical-looking factory town.

Is the Palace in sight? I do not know. Hanging half-way out of the window, I discover between the poplars the upper part of an immense building, with a glazed sun-parlor on the roof. Its brick-red hue is not ugly; the window-frames are white, and green curtains and blue shades enliven its great expanse of wall. Flower-boxes in the windows also give an added touch of light and color. So really it is not black!

Thank God, it is not black!

After registering at the hotel, we proceed at once to the Palace, to meet Mr. Godin. The main building of the Familistère stands there in broad daylight. However subjectively a man may regard the thing, there it is, an indubitable giant of brick and mortar. Its architecture is simple and severe; plain masonry, with just a touch of ornamentation at the cornices and windows. It does not depress one like our white barracks. Its red-brick tones are not as bright and warm as those of the Doge's Palace at Venice, but by no means as dark and dingy as those of the City Hall at Lübeck. The windows are not as heavy and low as in a modern apartment house, but large and wide, so that the structure looks like a public building. Three flights of steps interrupt the base line of the main façade. Above the one in the centre is a balustrade and a clock, designed like a little observatory. The courtyard is not sodded, and has no benches. Its soil is nearly black, on account of a coal-dust dressing, which is supposed to keep out dampness and prevent unwholesome exhalations from the earth.

We pass through the main entrance. All the doors open in both directions, in order to afford ready exit in case of fire, and to lessen noise. No door has a lock. That is a nice affectation, if it is merely affectation. The vestibule is painted white, without any attempt at decoration. The stairways are equally simple. I see traces of black hands on the balustrade; but how could that be avoided?

Director Godin, the founder of the institution, lives in the second story of the left wing. He is reputed to be worth ten millions; but the door to his apartment is as simple and unimposing as that of the workers' quarters next to

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him. It has not even a copperplate or a letter-drop. A foot-scraper suggests that the occupant indulges in a carpet, and prefers to have dirt left outside.

A maid opens the door and conducts us to a waiting-room. It is the waiting-room of a well-to-do man, with rugs and red upholstered walnut furniture.

I note two busts, one of bronze, of the master of the house. His head resembles that of Victor Hugo; but the features are stronger and give the impression of a man of action.

The other bust. Hm! If a person cherishes an ideal, that ideal pursues him. It is a young head, in white marble, with the high, straight, and clean-cut forehead of a thinker, with the hair brushed back, like that of Musset between 1830 and 1840. The eyebrows are too strong for a woman, but too weak for a man. The lines of the face are as restful and composed as those of Antinoüs; no evidence of a beard. The unnatural repose of the countenance has just a suggestion of paganism. An intense gaze seems to flash under the bent brows, and a smile plays about the mouth, like that of Hermes when he is about to kill. A blouse is buttoned tightly under the chin, and a broad, thin chest is covered by the wide lapels of a double-breasted coat.

However, there is a 'but,' which still further disturbs the not altogether consistent portrait. A medallion hangs from the neck, bearing a man's head in relief.

So it must be a woman!

As I examine the peculiar face, I am slightly repelled, as I would be by a hand with six fingers.

The nymph Salmakis prayed the gods to give her as a mate the son of Hermes and Aphrodite, and the prayer was so effective that the two became one. Happily the gods no longer hear the prayers of the children of the gods, but the uncomprehended sighs of the children of men even now seem sometimes to reach the ear of a merciful Providence — merciful but ironical.

The door of the inner room is opened, and M. Godin enters.

He looks like a scholar or statesman. His features are refined. Sixty-eight years have left their traces on his mild and melancholy countenance, which is lighted up by the bold, black Walloon eyes of remarkable brilliance. He is dressed in black, and wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. He looks weary, and a light flush under his black eyes indicates that we have disturbed his midday nap.[1]

Since the community's elections are in progress, and, moreover, it is Sunday, our host invites us to return the next day, in order to see the machine at work. Just now all the men are at the election; the children have not yet reached the nurseries and schools; the shops and the library are closed; and he must leave at once for a meeting. In other words, we come inopportunely.

While we await the morrow, we try to learn more of Godin's life and labor. The founder of the Familistère of Guise was born in 1817, in the Department of the Aisne. His father was a locksmith, and young Godin began to work in his father's shop when he was eleven years old. When he was seventeen, he set forth in the world to perfect himself in his trade. He thus learned the hardships and oppression from which workingmen suffer, and promised himself that, if he ever made a fortune, he would devote his life to helping these comrades. When he was twenty years old, he married; but the marriage was a brief one, because the wife did not sympathize with the philanthropic ideas of her husband.

Godin seems to have been captivated

[1]Strindberg's visit occurred in 1885. Godin died three years later.

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early in life by the theories of Saint-Simon and Fourier, which he has summarized briefly as follows: Civilized man is born indebted to his fellow man, and remains constantly in debt to his fellow man. His body is nourished by food which others produce; during his whole life he is supported by the common labor of his whole generation; all his ideas come from others. Therefore he should devote his whole life to paying this debt to his fellow men, else he will die morally obligated to them. In order to pay this debt, he must first live for himself. To plan one's life on any other theory than that of self-preservation or egoism is fantastic. Hitherto men have believed that their true interests commanded them to live selfishly and in isolation. This is not due to their evil intent, but to their lack of knowledge. Our true interests, our true self-consideration, command us to work in harmony and to coöperate with others. Toward this we must strive, not out of love for humanity, but out of enlightened self-interest.

Godin began very practically by saving money, without which he could not carry out his plans. He made inventions and patented them, in order to profit by them. In that romantic epoch when poets contemned ordinary business and fancied that the capital they wasted over their wine would bring them interest in heaven, Godin was naturally regarded as an incurable realist.

While he was waiting for better fortunes, he labored patiently side by side with his fellow workers. At the same time he kept thinking, writing, discovering, and adding to his property. The revolution of 1851 almost drove him into exile, but he escaped because he was a manufacturer and a landlord.

Meanwhile he devoted half his property to a Communist colony in Texas. The thing failed, but Godin was great enough to see why it failed, and did not give up his theory. He did not weary of his task, but learned by the lessons of experience. In April, 1859, he laid the foundation of his Familistère which we are to visit tomorrow from cellar to attic.

When we meet Mr. Godin the next morning, he takes us first to the day nursery, which occupies a one-story pavilion in the park and is connected with the Palace proper. Here nurses take charge of the children of mothers who are regularly employed. Mothers visit their infants twice daily, and take them home at night. These trained nurses have disciplined the little ones, by firmness and kindness, to go to sleep and wake up without crying, and to wait patiently until they are fed. The children really learn to take care of themselves to some extent by the time they are one or two years old. The discipline of playing with other children seems to improve their character. In a word, these little ones seemed as healthy and contented as any babies I ever saw. They learn something of social discipline at a very early age. In fact, we human beings need to be tamed young.

On leaving the nursery we visited the general-housekeeping department. Of the four hundred married women in the establishment only one hundred are regularly employed. They are the ones who leave their children in the day nursery. We found the three hundred others in a great common kitchen. Most of them were sewing while their food was cooking. In the beginning they had a steam kitchen where the food for all was cooked in common. But the women had no other employment, since there is no fitting occupation for them around the furnaces, and so they were left idle. They enjoyed the rights of members without their obligations.

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This soon became irksome, and the separate housekeeping was resumed in order that wives might have something to do. Now M. Godin is erecting a knitting-mill to employ these excess workers. When this is running, the steam kitchen will probably come back.

So we find that the Familistère has literally emancipated woman. We now wish to see whether it has lightened the labors of the man. So we visit the furnaces and foundries which support the whole undertaking. Godin's discoveries enable him to manufacture sheet-iron by a continuous process, beginning with the smelting furnace. He has thus dispensed with several intermediate operations. He has also discovered a method for coating thin cast-iron with enamel, so that it looks like lacquered sheets.

People who really try to deal justly with their employees generally discover that the working-day is too long, and that the pay for heavy manual labor is unfairly low compared with the compensation for lighter tasks. This is Godin's experience. He does not believe, however, that it is possible under present conditions to shorten the working-day, partly because the establishment, if it is to be run economically, must be kept in continuous operation, and partly because he cannot control the prices of his products. In order to increase the earnings of his employees, and to accommodate wages to the service performed, he gives everyone a share in the profits. He has established a coöperative store, where the men can buy goods at cost. He has provided cheap and excellent quarters for his people by erecting the Familistère. Last of all, he has established invalid and old-age pensions. So we have not found a theoretically ideal and perfect society in this little corner of the world. Society can be reformed only on some broader and more universal scale. The Familistère is a miniature model, a sketch perhaps of what is to come.

Godin divides profits according to the following scheme. He believes that the laborer is entitled to a share of all he produces; but that capital, or 'passive labor,' is also entitled to a reward for its service in production. The proportion in which the two should be compensated ought to be based upon what each respectively contributes to the product. In the Familistère the share of labor is larger than that of capital. Wages amount to 1,888,000 francs per annum, while 230,000 francs are paid for the use of capital.

However, when Godin established this rule there were a number of older workingmen who had helped to create the present property, and a number of less skilled men who must still spend time and labor to perfect themselves in trades. Therefore, he divided the participators into five classes, consisting of 68 *associés*, 95 *sociétaires*, 573 *participants*, 258 *auxiliaires*, and 286 *intéressés*. In addition, twenty-five per cent is distributed to professional employees and managers.

Employees live very cheaply in the Familistère. For ten francs a month, a worker gets two attractive rooms, with a smaller sleeping-room in addition. His family can cook in its own apartment, if the wife prefers not to use the common kitchen. He buys whatever he needs in the same building, at a very low price and at the end of the year he receives a dividend from the store's profits, proportional to his purchases. If he is ill, he is supported through his sickness; if he dies, his wife and children receive insurance. In addition, his children have free schooling. He can lay aside money from his annual earnings.

Before we leave the works, we make a brief visit to a department where a particularly dangerous operation is performed. That is in a separate room,

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where iron is enameled in a dry state by a secret process.

Two heroes stand in front of a bench containing heaps of dry lead-salts, lacquering cuspidors, for a wage of eight or ten francs a day. They are always exposed to the danger of death within twenty-four hours.

One draws the pieces at a white heat from the incandescent furnace, and the other seizes them with tongs, covers them with a powder, and returns them to the first man, who again places them in the furnace. Both are young vigorous fellows. However, they look nervous, and smoke pipes, apparently to protect their mouths as much as possible from the poisonous dust. They work only three hours a day. Two others are sitting on a bench ready to relieve them. They salute us as we leave this vestibule of death. *Morituri te salutamus!*

And why all this danger and worry? In order that we may have enameled cuspidors. Why can't we use a different article?

Because we cannot prevent the progress of civilization in the matter of cuspidors. That would be reactionary. Who wants to be reactionary?

After having visited both the men and women, we go back again to the children. We enter a schoolroom. A bust of the Maid of Orleans occupies a place of honor behind the teacher's chair, instead of the Madonna, for the school is a lay institution.

The instruction seems very practical. Children learn to read by a combined sound-and-symbol method. They learn to count and figure by means of wooden blocks. Wherever possible, the concrete takes the place of the abstract. What is learned is at once given some practical application. I saw a great number of little glass jars, containing respectively loam, sand, clay, various kinds of rock, grains, fibres, specimens of different woods, and other raw materials used in manufacture. The children are taught to identify them all.

Boys and girls study and recite together until they are sixteen years old. The teacher assured me that this works excellently in practice. The two sexes learn to appreciate each other better by thus being associated in their studies. Many happy marriages have occurred between former classmates. Corporal punishment is forbidden. Committees elected by the pupils themselves distribute rewards and punishments.

In spite of its capital of six million francs, this beautiful enterprise is not yet secure. It is founded on the unstable basis of every great industry. For twenty-five years Godin's furnaces have ruled the market. Now new and improved works are coming into competition with them, and the Guise enterprise is shaky. The storehouses are overstocked, and there are no purchasers. Will the future readjust the relation between demand and supply? Industrial Socialists believe it will; agrarian Socialists believe it will not.

On the third morning, when we made our farewell visit to M. Godin, Miss Moret entertained us while we waited. Her features were those of the marble bust, only much older. The same medallion hung from her throat; but the double-breasted walking coat was absent. Her features revealed goodness of heart and character, and were almost feminine.

M. Godin soon appeared, with the *Temps* in his hand. Miss Moret read the leader, which deplored the results of the election. Sadness and anger shone in the eyes of our aged host, who had witnessed the revolutions of 1830, 1848, and 1871.

'If it goes on this way, we'll have no choice but to take up arms again,' he said.

I inquire: 'Do you still believe in

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revolution? Even now? Or what do you believe in — evolution?'

He fixed his glance upon me with a peculiar smile, as if he were looking through me, and said: —

'Do you think that people who no longer believe in heaven, who know that they have only one life to live, will be content to wait for evolution?'

'No, I do not believe that, although I preach it.'

'And do you not know that nature, which you reverence, passed through revolutions during the volcanic period, the deluge period, and the glacial period? Do you not think that revolution is evolution?'

'Surely, I believe that, although I do not preach it.'

With this remark I shook the magnificent old man's hand, and bade farewell to the Familistère of Guise.

SIMBA-SIMBA

BY RUDOLF FRANZ

From *Die Rote Fahne, May* 24
(Berlin Official Communist Daily)

Simba-Simba is a little Ovambo negro boy. Or rather, he was one. In the first place, he grew up long ago; and, in the second, he was hanged some ten years back. When he was five years old, he was handed over to the care of Pastor Manegold at Malukansi, because both his parents were dead. At Manegold's home, the little Ovambo boy studied the Catechism, German, the Catechism, writing, the Catechism, arithmetic, and the Catechism. By the time he had mastered these branches, he was quite grown up. Pastor Manegold had never permitted him to read anything but the Bible, the Catechism, and the hymn-book. Consequently, Simba-Simba knew these by heart, almost better than the pastor himself. Often when the good missionary would quote a pious text, Simba-Simba would cap it with another no less pious. When the Basutos revolted and were conquered, the government took stern measures with them. Missionary Manegold read to the whole family at breakfast, from the *Colonial News*, how many Basutos had been shot during their flight, how many had been hanged, and the like. Simba-Simba looked rather thoughtful, whereupon the pastor said to him: —

'Yes, my boy: an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'

Ovambo nodded and answered in a questioning tone: —

'Love your enemies, bless them.'

'Oh, that does n't apply in this case. Now let us sing the morning hymn: —

'Hallelujah, schöner Morgen!
Schöner als man denken mag!
Heute fühl ich keine Sorgen,
Denn das ist ein lieber Tag,
Der durch seine Lieblichkeit
Recht das Innerste erfreut.'

When this was ended, the missionary said: 'Simba-Simba, repeat now a mission verse.' —

'O dass doch bald dein Feuer brennte,
Du unaussprechlich Liebender,
Und bald die ganze Welt erkennte,
Dass du bist König, Gott and Herr!
Zwar brennt es schon in heller Flamme
Jetzt hier, jetzt dort, in Ost und West,
Dir, dem am Kreuz erwürgten Lamme,
Ein herrlich Pfingst — und Freudenfest. — Amen.'

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As they separated for their daily tasks, Pastor Manegold said: 'Stick more to the Ten Commandments, my boy; then you cannot go astray. You know them by heart.'

Some time after this, it chanced that Pastor Manegold's brother, a prominent merchant, decided to go back to Germany, and wished a boy to take with him. The missionary offered him young Simba-Simba, and they agreed that he should go back with the merchant. Simba-Simba was perfectly contented with the arrangement, although he was not consulted regarding it.

On bidding him farewell, the missionary impressed again upon the young Ovambo boy the Ten Commandments: 'You will be able to use them there. You will be exposed to temptations, and in case that, for any reason, perhaps the change of climate, your memory should fail you, I am giving you the Ten Commandments printed on this little card. You see, just the way God gave Moses the Ten Tables.'

Then he dismissed Simba-Simba with his blessing.

After a three days' journey, they reached the coast, boarded a vessel, and left for Germany. A company of colonial troops was returning on the same steamer. A lieutenant and a non-commissioned officer drilled the men every day. Simba-Simba watched them with deep interest. His attention was particularly attracted by the curses which poured from the mouths of the officers. He was not able to understand them at first, until a sailor made them plain to him. *Himmelherrgottsakrament* was the most common, and also the mildest.

Simba-Simba was speechless with astonishment. He wandered about the deck for a whole day buried in deep thought. In the evening he picked up Missionary Manegold's little card with the Ten Commandments, and read it through. Each Commandment was numbered. The third was: Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. Simba-Simba said to himself: 'That has been repealed,' and crossed it out. He reflected as he did this: 'Pastor Manegold has not been away from Malukansi for a long time, and he does not know these recent changes. I will tell him about them when I get back.'

When Sunday came, the vessel did not stop, greatly to the Ovambo boy's surprise. The firemen kept on working, and when they arrived at a port that afternoon, the vessel immediately began to coal. The trimmers worked six hours in the hot afternoon sun, and that evening the vessel again put to sea. 'Hm,' said Simba-Simba, and crossed out number four: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'

Finally, they arrived in Germany. Simba-Simba got permission from his master, the great merchant, to take a walk through the city, and made several purchases, among them a couple of books. One of these was the collected addresses of the great Kaiser who then ruled the country. Simba-Simba read them first, because Pastor Manegold had told him so many praiseworthy things of that glorious monarch. However, he could hardly trust his eyes when he came upon the following sentence: 'It may happen that I shall command you to shoot down your own relatives, your brothers and your parents — which God forbid. For even then, you must obey my orders without question.'

Was he mistaken — or how was it with the Ten Commandments? Simba-Simba hastily pulled the card out of his pocket. He read them through again, and crossed out number five.

Simba-Simba then took a journey with his new master into the interior of the country. He always kept with him

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the card on which the Ten Commandments were printed, but every day or so he had to cross out one of them. It was wonderful how rapidly the times had changed. If Pastor Manegold only knew! First of all, he erased number ten. He hesitated a while over the eighth, for he noticed that almost every day somebody was punished for theft, and so that Commandment seemed still in force. But he soon discovered his error. His unsophisticated eyes soon detected that there were many kinds of theft that were not punished, but instead were rewarded with success and honor. So finally he crossed out number eight.

At last Ovambo became over-curious as to whether any one of the Commandments was still in force. The ninth went at a time of a general election; for the candidates bore false witness against each other in a manner that would have brought blushes to Simba-Simba's cheek, had that been possible. He lost his interest in politics, and devoted his attention to the sciences. Whenever he had leisure he read a book.

He had already crossed out the second Commandment as out of date, marking on the margin of his card a phrase which had caught his fancy in an election speech: 'Superseded by the march of progress.' But he still clung to the first. One day Simba-Simba was lounging on a sofa in his master's waiting room. It was a regular work-day, but why should he not lounge since he also worked on the Sabbath? Commandment number four was no longer in effect, 'superseded by the march of progress,' as Simba reflected. He read a book written by a university professor, who cited several other professors in his support, to the effect that there was no God. Simba-Simba said, 'Aha!' and was about to cross out the first, and by this time the last, of the Commandments on his card, when he overheard loud talk in his master's office. Another merchant was in there, and the two were having a hot argument. Simba-Simba listened intently. Finally Merchant Manegold shouted angrily: 'Oh, you, with your dear God! Drop that nonsense. We 're talking business, not religion!'

Simba-Simba was not surprised. He took the card out of his pocket and crossed out number one. So the thing was done for! Ah these missionaries! This Pastor Manegold! What a liar! Simba-Simba exclaimed to himself, '*Himmelherrgottsakrament*,' stole all the money he could from his master that same night, betook himself to a life of vice, purloined a passport, and boarded a vessel. He wanted to get back to Missionary Manegold; for he had decided that the sixth Commandment certainly had no force when all the others were proved false. He likewise recalled the slaughtered Basutos.

Finally, Simba-Simba reached Malukansi.

He murdered the good missionary Manegold, and left the card with the Ten Commandments sticking in his mouth. On the back he had written: 'Superseded by the march of progress.'

When he was captured, he admitted everything, and asked them to execute him as soon as possible. They complied with his wish. They hanged him next day, after giving him fifty lashes in addition, for his brutality and ingratitude to the man who had reared and educated him. A new pastor took the place of the murdered missionary, and went on teaching the Ten Commandments to little negro boys.

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BALTHAZAR AND HIS DIGNITY

BY ANDRÉ LAMANDÉ

From *L'Écho de Paris June 2*
(CLERICAL DAILY)

A WEALTHY widow named Madame Bergerin dwelt in the province of Saint-Sulpice. She was humpbacked and she stammered a little and she had a perfect mania for visiting her friends. She used to pay back a hundred-fold the visits that people made her. She loved to startle people by a display of luxury. Also, although she was so miserly that she would cut a cherry into thirds, and did n't like to drink very much, — because drinking starts an appetite and food is expensive, — still she would not for anything in the world have given up her automobile.

Yet that automobile was the cause of much bitter reflection and cruel worry. Not only was gasolene soaring to desperate heights, but chauffeurs began more than ever to show themselves to be common men, gross fellows, greedy for gain, and with an astonishing disinclination to do any work. And then, besides, they were all very plump, and had alarming paunches. Every day their demands increased, and every month the motor-car had a new driver.

Now, one morning the chauffeur of Madame Bergerin took his fortnight's pay and departed. Whither did he betake himself, with his pretensions and insolence? He did n't say. Still, he was believed to be an honest man, — because he had not kidnaped a young Breton girl who served as chambermaid, — or at least he was thought honest up to the moment when it was discovered, forty hours after his departure, that some silver spoons and some bottles of old Armagnac had disappeared with him.

Madame Bergerin, in a moment of justifiable indignation, ventured upon a heroic resolve.

'I'll give up my automobile!'

But a few days after, being somewhat appeased, she groaned over the hardness of the times, which produced chauffeurs who were no longer the devoted servants that the old coachmen of an earlier day had been, and she wrote her needs to many and many an employment agency.

She waited three weeks, sacked more than twenty candidates for a chauffeurship, and had begun to despair, when a tall, supple man arrived, of an elaborate and distant courtesy, even a little affected. He gave excellent references, conversed in a polished way and with carefully selected words, and he bowed like a king. The little sack of nuts — for that is what Madame looked like — swelled up with satisfaction. They talked about wages. The old lady offered an absurdly small sum, which the chauffeur accepted, not being, as he said, a man greedy for money.

'It is n't the money, but the dignity of Madame and myself, for which I am ambitious. I am called Balthazar, and I have a distinguished reputation among my professional *confrères*.'

Madame Bergerin had an uncomfortable suspicion that the fellow was using language a little bit above a chauffeur's; but as she reflected how many others were outside their true

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position in these days, she thought it better not to say anything.

'Well, Balthazer, I'll hire you. Eight o'clock to-morrow morning.'

Balthazar genuflected.

'I would beg to call Madame's attention to the fact that Madame has not yet investigated with me all questions appropriate to the occasion. I wish — as there is doubtless no need to indicate to Madame — my complete freedom in the evening, at least twice weekly.'

Such matters exasperated Madame Bergerin. However, she was glad to have a chauffeur who knew enough to bow respectfully, so she assented.

'And for early breakfast,' added Balthazar, 'Madame will undoubtedly comprehend, I shall be unable to change my accustomed habits in any particular.'

'Ah! What are the habits?'

'Nothing of any exceptional consequence. I breakfast ascetically: two eggs, a slice of ham — perhaps half a bottle of white Bordeaux.'

Good Madame Bergerin drew up her little figure to the full height of which it was capable:

'You will ruin me. I cannot accept such terms.'

Balthazar did not even lift his voice. With his hands hanging gracefully at his sides, with his heels trimly together, with his chest lifted and arched, he said: —

'Since Madame does not appropriately nourish her household I must regretfully say to Madame that I am leaving immediately.'

He was as good as his word. Madame Bergerin, who admired his grand air, and knew that he would make all her friends die with jealousy, called him back before he had disappeared.

'Well, all right! We'll fix it.'

Again Balthazar bowed profoundly.

'May I express my thanks to Madame for an act of simple justice. I fear that I am occupying Madame's time; yet I feel impelled to make a few new inquiries of Madame.'

Madame Bergerin made a gesture, and he continued: —

'Before I accept this position I must insist on knowing the horse-power of Madame's car.'

'Twelve.'

'Monsieur le Senateur Fleurfontaine, whom I drove all last year, owned an eighty-horse-power car, and I gave myself my own word of honor at that time that I would never lower myself by driving anything less powerful. It would be too bad for a chauffeur of ability to be mistaken for the vulgar proprietor of a taxi-cab. It would be beneath the dignity of my profession. What would my professional colleagues think while I was waiting for Madame at the door of some literary *salon?*'

Madame Bergerin wondered whether she was seeing clearly, or if her eyes were getting dim. She rubbed them. No, she was awake.

'Literary *salons?* Literary *salons?* Do you think I would waste my time in such foolish talk-shops?'

'Ah! But when Madame goes to some academical reception?'

'I never go!'

'No doubt, however, Madame will go, at least sometimes, to *soirées* of one or another of the members of the Ministry?'

'Never!'

'Perhaps to the opera?'

'Not a bit of it.'

Balthazar bowed before her, his hands on his heart, and without departing from the special tone which had so much pleased Madame Bergerin, replied: —

'Madame will perhaps be so kind as to tell me where I shall as a usual thing drive Madame, and what literary personages or political or financial dignitaries we shall associate with.'

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Madame Bergerin thought that the fellow was either jesting with her or that he was stark, raving crazy.

'I do not visit financiers, literary men, or politicians. I go to see whomever I please, my old friends, the people I am used to dealing with, and I have no intention of giving you a list of them. Do you understand?'

'Oh! Madame!' Balthazar bowed elaborately, although a gleam of displeasure appeared in his eyes. 'When I was with M. Fleurfontaine, we used to go once a week to call upon the President of the Council, twice a week to call upon the Minister, and at least once to an Academician; and every morning we called upon some distinguished actress. Madame will doubtless understand that, after such illustrious associates, I should prefer to abandon my profession rather than to sink in the social scale. I regret that Madame is not of this class; but Madame will understand that a chauffeur of my standing must maintain his professional dignity.'

Balthazar accompanied these last words with a more profound bow than ever. Then, his back straight, his head high, he turned to the door, and descended the stairway majestically, demonstrating his dignity at every step.

THE NEW BOSWELL

BY R. M. FREEMAN

From *The Westminster Gazette, June* 11
(Liberal Weekly)

I was with Dr. Johnson to-day when Mr. Charles James Fox waited on him as the bearer of a somewhat sensational invitation, in which I also was included. This was nothing else than that we should both dine with Mr. Fox on the next Thursday, to meet Napoleon Bonaparte, with whom, said our would-be host, he was very desirous to bring Dr. Johnson acquainted.

When he was gone, Johnson turned to me and said: —

'Sir, I observed a certain astonishment in your face when you heard me accept Mr. Fox's invitation. Pray, why was that, Sir?'

I told him I had feared that his royalist principles would not have permitted him to sit at table with a notorious usurper.

'Why, as to that, Sir,' said he, 'there are usurpers and usurpers. There is the unmitigated scoundrel who usurps upon a legitimate king and steals his crown; for whom no condemnation can be too severe. And there is the rather meritorious person who usurps upon a republic and converts it into a monarchy. Now this, Sir, is what Bonaparte did. He did not oust the Bourbons. He merely ousted the republic which had already ousted the Bourbons. And, Sir, since any monarchy, even the worst, is more consonant with God's will than a republic, this usurpation of Bonaparte's may rather be accounted unto him for righteousness.'

Pursuing the same theme, he added: —

'Moreover, Sir, you are to observe that Bonaparte never committed the impiety of calling himself by the divine-

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ly instituted title of King, but only by that of Emperor, which is not, in any sense, of divine origin. Sir, the man who makes himself an Emperor is guilty, at worst, of a *political* offense. But the man who makes himself a King adds *sacrilege* to usurpation. Sir, he *blasphemes his Creator.*'

By way of further illustrating this admirable distinction between the *sacred* character of the Royal and the purely *secular* character of the Imperial office, he said: —

'Victoria, Sir, was Queen of Great Britain by the grace of God, but she became Empress of India by the grace of Lord Beaconsfield.'

In support of his general thesis of the divine status of Kings as compared with the merely human status of Emperors, he made the following striking reflection upon the outcome of the recent great terrestrial upheaval, 'In which,' said he, 'all the Emperors in Europe have gone down, but all the Kings still continue to occupy their thrones. Now this, Sir, is surely pretty good evidence of the Almighty's respect to the one, and his disrespect to the other. The Emperors, Sir, were nothing to Him; but the Kings were his own anointed, as He has shewn by his intervening to defend them in this very signal manner.'

Presently, he added, with a smile: —

'Even poor dear Tino has been restored to his throne. But had he been Emperor of Greece, he should assuredly still be kicking his heels in Switzerland.'

Upon our arrival at Mr. Fox's on the following Thursday, we found a small but choice company assembled in honor of the great Frenchman, to whom we were all, in due course, presented by our genial host. When my turn came, I could scarcely refrain from acquainting him of a certain *link* between us in the circumstance of my once having been widely known as 'Corsica Boswell,' in allusion to my popular book about that island. And, indeed, I should, I believe, have done so but for Mr. Fox's somewhat unaccountable haste in bringing up Dr. Goldsmith for presentation.

It was, of course, almost inevitable that the latter should (as the vulgar say) 'put his foot in it,' and this he did, sure enough, by remarking: —

'It so happens, your Majesty, that, in the course of completing my English History, I have just written a description of the battle of Waterloo.'

I shivered at the *gaucherie* of this singularly ill-timed observation. However, the great man to whom it was addressed discovered no signs of offense, but merely inquired:

'An accurate description, I hope, Monsieur?'

GOLDSMITH (*with his usual eager self-conceit*). — Absolutely accurate, Your Majesty.

NAPOLEON. — Then monsieur is to be congratulated upon a feat which neither the Duke of Wellington nor I myself could have accomplished.

This afforded Johnson an opportunity of intervening in support of the Emperor's dictum, which he did with extraordinary felicity.

Subsequently, at dinner, the same topic came up again for discussion. Johnson said: —

'If the historians should limit themselves to recording only ascertained facts, the history of the world would all go into one small octavo volume.'

MR. FOX (*slyly*). — How many pages would you allow Herodotus in such a volume, Sir?

JOHNSON (*smiling*). — About half a page, I believe, Sir.

FOX. — And Thucydides?

JOHNSON. — Not above two pages, Sir. We should begin, of course, by eliminating all the speeches.

FOX. — Including, I suppose, the funeral oration of Pericles, Sir?

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JOHNSON. — We should certainly eliminate that singularly impudent piece of historical fiction.

FOX. — Nay, Sir. This speech may not have been the one made by Pericles. Nevertheless, it is a masterpiece.

JOHNSON. — Aye, a masterpiece of imposture.

(Dr. Goldsmith somewhat rashly brought up the case of Dr. Johnson's own imaginary Parliamentary speeches in the *Rambler*, which he maintained were on all fours with the Thucydidean orations.)

JOHNSON. — Sir, this will not do. Thucydides, as an historian, was under obligation to adhere to strict facts; whereas I, as an amusive journalist, might very properly indulge in occasional flights of fancy.

GOLDSMITH. — I do not see, Sir, why the journalist is under any less obligation in this matter than the historian. What is the use of newspapers if we are not to believe what they tell us?

JOHNSON. — Sir, he who should believe all that the newspapers tell him should entertain a number of very strange beliefs.

FOX. — Whom do you consider to have been the most truthful of the historians, Sir?

JOHNSON. — On the whole, I think, I should award the palm of veracity to the man Hume.

FOX. — Surely, Sir, he was something less than truthful in his representations, or, rather, misrepresentations, of the Roundheads.

JOHNSON. — Sir, so far as Hume was unveracious about the Roundheads, he was unveracious in their favor. He could not bring himself to tell all the truth about them, because he was a *decent* writer. He would not print what was *unfit for publication*.

BOSWELL. — Well, Sir, if Hume is the most truthful historian, who, in your opinion, is the most untruthful?

JOHNSON. — Sir, I should, I think, divide the palm of mendacity between Macaulay and Plutarch — Macaulay in respect of the *doings* of his historical characters; Plutarch in respect of their *sayings*. Macaulay, Sir, invented actions to satisfy his Whig theories; Plutarch, words to satisfy his sense of dramatic propriety. (*Turning to Napoleon*) Had Plutarch been living and writing on earth, after your day, instead of before it, I dare swear he had found any number of pretty concoctions to put into your mouth, Sir.

NAPOLEON. — No prettier ones, perhaps, Monsieur, than some with which I am already credited.

JOHNSON. — It should be instructive, Sir, if you could give us a list of all these historical sayings of yours, which you did not utter.

The Emperor excused himself from undertaking such a labor of Hercules, as he termed it, but was obliging enough to mention a few examples. I remember that 'Providence is on the side of the big battalions,' 'With a handful of English I could conquer the world'; and 'Those terrible Greys,' were among them.

Johnson took occasion of the last-mentioned saying to indulge in his customary sport at the expense of my countrymen.

'This, Sir,' said he, smiling at me across the table, 'shall surely have been the invention of a Scotchman, all that nation having a most inventive turn of mind, and have indeed invented almost everything from the steam-engine to Ossian.'

MR. FOX. — I have heard it said that a Scotchman invented *you*, Sir.

JOHNSON. — Why, no, Sir. It was Mrs. Piozzi, an Englishwoman, who tried her inventive hand on me, and she made but a poor business of it. Boswell has, in the main, represented me very

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truthfully. Sir (*addressing Napoleon*), it is a pity you had not a Boswell to depict you with a like fidelity.

NAPOLEON. — Nay, Monsieur. It is not all of us who can, like yourself, afford always to live under the scrutinizing eye of a minutely candid recorder. There were times — during the retreat from Russia, for example — when, had I had such a man with me noting everything down, I do not know what I should have done.

JOHNSON. — I know what you would have done, Sir.

NAPOLEON. — What, Monsieur?

JOHNSON. — You would have left him to drown in the Beresina.

NAPOLEON. — I believe I should.

JOHNSON (*laughing*). — But you should have lost your labor, Sir. You should have found him totally unamenable to submersibility. Sir, he should have emerged, dripping but pertinacious, to pursue you to Paris, and there (*laughing uproariously*) to announce himself in all the public places as 'Beresina Boswell.'

Although this was going a little far, I had too much sense to feel offended by it, seeing that he only meant wit. Moreover, all was compensated, when, presently, I had the flattering intelligence from him of the great Frenchman's having frankly lamented that I had not applied my penetratingly biographical gift to writing the lives of other public men, of whom he had particularly specified Field-Marshal Prince Blücher, and Sir H. Lowe, sometime Governor of St. Helena.

THE LEIPZIG TRIALS

BY A BRITISH OBSERVER

From *The Observer, June* 12
(LONDON MODERATE SUNDAY PAPER)

THE British public has naturally taken a great deal of interest in the War Criminals' trials that have been held in Leipzig. The war is not yet so far behind as to enable us to be indifferent to the trials of men who inflicted innumerable brutalities upon our defenseless soldiers in German prison camps. But it was not possible for the press at home to give more than slender accounts of the Leipzig proceedings, and hence the judgment of the British public has been influenced more by the leniency of the penalties than by the merits of the trials. This should not be so. The trials were far more important than the sentences. In my opinion, it is very desirable that our public should form a fair judgment of the Leipzig trials.

I was present at the trials from beginning to end, and, happily, could follow the proceedings in German, so my impressions are at first hand. I am not going to write on what may be termed the political aspects of the trials. I will merely give my impressions of the Court as a tribunal of justice.

Under the Continental criminal procedure, everything depends upon the personality of the President of the Court. He has read the witnesses' statements before the trial opens, he questions the accused, he calls and interro-

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gates the witnesses in any order he wishes. Upon Dr. Schmidt, the President of the Senate of the Imperial German Courts, lay, therefore, a task of unprecedented difficulty. The German Jingo party and press were denouncing the whole proceedings. The keenest national sentiments were naturally aroused by these trials. The military adviser, General Franzecky, was unashamed in his approval of brutal treatment toward our prisoners. Dr. Schmidt thanks to the Continental system, had it thus in his power to become a national hero, with Germany's turbulent elements of the old régime. On the other hand, he could have pleased the German revolutionaries by savage attacks upon the German military system. What did he, in fact, do?

Fair play is a British characteristic, and I should be sorry to see the British public allowing its natural indignation about the submarine trial to warp its judgment of the man upon whom lay the burden, in these difficult circumstances, of holding the scales of justice evenly amid the rival statements of British ex-prisoners and their German warders.

When I first saw Dr. Schmidt, a few minutes before the first trial, I confess that I was not optimistic. The face is severe. The manner of his reception of the British was very formal and a little stiff. But an hour had not passed in Court before one saw the real man. The cloak of German formality and stiffness had disappeared when the judge donned his crimson robes.

The first accused was Heinen, a rugged, unintelligent bully, who was never born to rule anybody, whose sole idea of maintaining discipline was to threaten and to strike. The first British witness was Parry — genial, good-natured, and cute, just an ordinary Englishman. After Parry's evidence, the President asked the accused whether he could explain the charges. Heinen said little; Parry's story was 'ausgeschlossen' — impossible. A few more British witnesses were called. Still Heinen maintained his haughty assurance that the witnesses were lying. Dr. Schmidt grew angry. His eyes flashed — and he has magnetic eyes — and he almost bellowed at Heinen: 'You cannot merely deny these stories. This man [pointing to the witness] is obviously respectable. He is telling the truth.'

The British witnesses were giving their evidence without fear or favor. They spoke frankly, both of the little that was good and of the much that was cruel, in their treatment. In a few instances they had been corroborated by German sentries who had also suffered similar brutality. Dr. Schmidt was convinced.

It was no cowardice or willingness to please the English that prompted the German judges — there were seven in all — to convict the three men accused of brutal conduct in prison camps. It was merely the fact that the legal mind seeks justice though the Heavens fall. The stories of our British witnesses, plain, blunt men as they were, had rung true. Our ex-soldiers had convinced Dr. Schmidt and his colleagues that the ex-bullies, two of whom now whimpered like school-girls in what seemed to their puffed-out pride the humiliation of these proceedings, were lying when they denied the charges. The German accused were defended by able counsel and by the military adviser. The British witnesses merely had the moral support of silent, though vigilant, British counsel who took no active part in the proceedings. Yet facts are facts, honest evidence is honest evidence, and the judicial mind is the judicial mind, what ever the nationality or the cause. That is why these Germans were convicted. The fact that they were convicted by

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German judges is of far greater importance than the length of the sentences imposed upon them.

Day by day, Dr. Schmidt bore the burden of these trials. From nine A.M. to two and from four to seven, eight or even later, the Court sat, and upon Dr. Schmidt fell nine tenths of the work. The strain upon us British was great, but we at least remained silent. Yet Dr. Schmidt maintained throughout the same patience and good-nature.

He is essentially human. The contrast between him and General Franzecky, the full-blooded Prussian, was fascinating. When one British witness had finished, Dr. Schmidt turned to Private Neumann for an explanation. 'This is the man who flirted with women,' said the outraged Hun-let, who had met such infamous conduct with blows. 'Na! na!' said the President promptly. 'He is a man. It's not so bad.' And he smiled upon the bashful witness. He at least understood human nature.

Dr. Schmidt could appreciate a joke. One prisoner had twice escaped, and had been caught, only to be most brutally knocked about by the bully Heinen. He was asked how he concealed his map and compass when searched. The witness explained. He was the sort of boy who was born for adventure. He had a most winning smile. He won Dr. Schmidt, who believed every word he said, despite Heinen's vehement denials.

Nothing showed Dr. Schmidt more clearly than his reception of evidence in which complaints were made about food. Picture the scene — it is well to try to look into the mind of one's opponent. England had been blockading Germany (with perfect justice in the opinion of every Englishman); Germans had been deprived of all luxuries and of many necessaries; largely thanks to the blockade, Germany had lost the war. Now British ex-prisoners came to Germany with complaints that they did not get coffee, when, in fact, nobody in Germany then had coffee, and even now only the rich can afford it — it is only fair to say that such complaints were made incidentally only, and did not form a leading part of the case. The German Press was jeering at such complaints. Defending counsel made great play with them; so did General Franzecky. Dr. Schmidt would have been only human if he had lost his temper; he, too, had been deprived of coffee. But he remained serene. The complaints about food were properly investigated.

I have written enough, I hope, to give some idea of the personality of the man who is trying these war criminals. I say nothing of the sentences, or of the submarine trial, where international law, and not facts, had to be decided. Those questions are for the authorities to consider. But it is well that our public should know something of Dr. Schmidt as a man and as a judge, so that the very reasonable disappointment at the sentences and at the submarine trial may not warp our sense of fair play.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE PRETTIEST THINGS

BY CAMILLA DOYLE

[*The Chapbook*]

THE prettiest things there are must lie
Unused, unheeded utterly.

As where the lorries drop bright oil,
Weed-shaped, to turn our highways' soil.

As lovely as the ocean-bed
Blue-branching green, gold-branching red.

And all the little friendly words
In secret nests of mice and birds.

And window missal-scrolls of frost
Unnumbered times achieved and lost.

And songs that fill the blackbird's head
In March, that August finds unsaid.

And tales we dreamt at five years old,
That by later skill are told.

While towns and faces dull as clay
Are praised and copied every day.

REVEILLE

BY ADRIAN BURY

[*The New Witness*]

ALONG the lintel wood,
The sun with merry gait
Struts in a golden mood,
A reveler up late,
And looks into my room
To chase away the gloom.

His glance is so robust,
My timid private fire
Is now as pale as dust,
Before so great a sire;
Her crackling voice is still,
Subdued unto his will.

I, too, rise from the deep
Out of my dreams of dread
After the long black sleep;
From ghouls and goblins fled
Into the glorious right
Of life and love and light;

Of beauty still aware,
Conscious again of mirth,
The wine of morning air,
The joys of heaven and earth,
As to my happy gaze
The rolling Downlands blaze.

There stands the old broad barn,
And there the hardy firs,
Yonder the glinting tarn;
And from the vale upstirs
The desultory mist,
Blue as an amethyst.

I hear the sharp, blithe sound
Of footsteps on the stone,
The farmer goes his round,
The pregnant heifers drone
And shake their tether chain,
Glad at the light again.

The gorgeous chanticler
Trumpets his bragging note,
And shows how fine and fair
His breast and wings and throat,
While many wives await
His casual love and hate.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

SOVIET ART

Clarté, the organ of the French radical pacifists, prints some interesting details of the efforts by the Bolshevist government to make music, drama, and all the arts accessible to all classes.

It is one of the purposes of the Soviet government to render art available for every one [says the writer], to make it an integral part of the life of the working classes, and to establish it on such new bases that it will stir new forces among the proletarians.

At the same time that it is working for the creation of a new and wholly proletarian theatre, the Soviet government is trying to familiarize the people with the finest forms of art. The principal difficulty that presents itself to the successful completion of this task is the lack of men of artistic talent, who can at the same time understand the duties that Soviet Russia finds before it, and who can carry on the work well. Only here and there can one find among workers in the arts, a small number of eminent men to aid us in giving art a solid base.

So far a good deal has been done to democratize the theatre. The repertoires of the great theatres have been improved and the present effort is to familiarize the workers with the masterpieces of the classic theatre. A single price has been established for all theatres and for all places — a measure which, however, is but a step toward the complete abandonment of payments. Regarding the theatre as an instrument for education and propaganda, one would wish to make it as free as the schools are. Together with the classic repertoire, a new revolutionary repertoire is developing. The impulse having been given, there is a responsive effort toward such dramatic creation among the working masses, that a great number of theatres may spring up spontaneously.

There is also an effort to make the great mass of the workers appreciate musical works of genius. An extensive musical education has been undertaken, and encouragement has been given for new music, corresponding to the spirit of the times. A certain number of state orchestras, created by the Soviets, gave 170 symphony concerts in the provinces from 1919 to 1920. . . .

Side by side with music and the theatre, the fine and industrial arts are growing up. Expositions familiarize the workers with all the principal tendencies; every liberty is given to developments in all directions in the domain of the arts. Continual contact with the mass of the workers is sufficient regulation so that one need not fear an unwholesome tendency in art.

Finally, one of the most promising forms of the activity of the Commissariat of Education is its work for the conservation of museums and of monuments of the past. The number of museums has considerably increased since the Revolution, and their collections have been enriched with all the riches hidden from the eyes of the people in the palaces. Assembled in the museums, they have become the property of all the workers. To-day 119 museums can be counted, in place of 31 in 1917.

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A FRENCH OPINION OF MR. WELLS AND CIVILIZATION

WRITING to *Figaro* from London, on Mr. H. G. Wells's new book, *The Salvaging of Civilization*, which was originally written for his proposed American lecture tour, M. Octave Duplessis suggests, in effect, that American audiences did not miss much. He heads his article, 'Mr. Britling Saves Civilization,' and gives a preliminary discussion of the effect of the war on Mr. Wells's thought. After that he becomes acid.

Is civilization, then, in danger? That is surely the conclusion reached by this book, full of brilliant glimpses, of profound thoughts, of disconcerting 'anticipations,'

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of false analogies, and specious paradoxes. Once Mr. Wells was a gay author, but he is that no more. The future which he brings before us, if we continue to live in the ruts of our old civilization, is almost comparable to that which, in his fertile imagination, was our lot when the Martians arrived upon earth and gave everything over to fire and blood.

M. Duplessis concludes his article with a discussion of Mr. Wells and the United States.

One scarcely knows which to admire most, the audacity with which this writer devotes himself to resuscitating superannuated conceptions, and the ingenuity which he displays in — so to speak — discovering America. For it may well be said that, since Mr. H. G. Wells gave up writing live novels to compose still-born books that juggle with the links between history and philosophy, he has passed his time in discovering America. . . .

Mr. Britling takes us back a hundred years to the bad and primitive socialism of the romantic epoch. He is bringing dusty mummies to life: It is a good thing that he did not give any lectures in the United States; for, in spite of the flatteries which he lavishes on American democracy, — prototype of the United States of Europe which he prophesies, — his anti-nationalism and his ideologic socialism would have been ill received among the people most imbued with the sentiment of their own nationality and the least tolerant of every kind of socialistic thought.

The dangerous novelties of an internationalism which goes beyond the romantic epoch, back to Rousseau, might have secured for Mr. Wells-Britling a decree of expulsion which would have compelled him to come sailing back on the next steamer.

LONG LIFE TO OUR POETS!

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Outlook* calls attention to the many years of modern poets as compared with those of the early nineteenth century. He concludes 'the contrast is so striking that one is inclined to wonder whether there has really been some permanent improvement in the life and environment of the modern poet'; but he quite overlooks Coleridge who died at 62, and the giants of the Victorian Era, Browning (77), Tennyson (81), Wordsworth (86), as well as the young poets of the present day who went to their deaths in the War.

In his letter to the editor he writes: —

Permit me to call attention in your columns to the remarkable longevity of the majority of our living poets as shown by the following list indicating the respective ages of twelve of them: Thomas Hardy (82), Wilfrid Scawen Blunt (81), Austin Dobson (81), George Hookham (79), Ernest Myers (77), Robert Bridges (77), Edmund Gosse (72), W. H. Pollock (71), Lord Latymer, better known as F. B. Money-Coutts (69), Sir Herbert Warren (68), Sir William Watson (63), and Maurice Hewlett (60).

Surely this must be an unprecedented record as regards the ages of poets living at one and the same time. The following list, showing the respective ages at which the same number of poets (twelve) died at the beginning of last century, is of a very different character: Henry Kirke White (21), John Keats (26), Shelley (30), Rev. C. Wolf, author of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' (32), Lord Byron (36), Mackworth Praed (37), Mrs. Hemans (41), Poe (40), Beddoes (46), J. M. Mangan (46), Thomas Hood (47), and Reginald Herber (43).

A NEWLY DISCOVERED BALLAD

MR. CECIL SHARP, the eminent student of English folk-songs, has finished the second volume of his collection. Although he has examined his field with the greatest care, he has so far been able to publish in his two volumes of one hundred songs only one that is lacking in Professor Child's collection.

The new ballad — for new a ballad that escaped Professor Child's indefatigable energy may well be called, whatever its age — is one that would have delighted the American scholar.

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It is called 'Bruton Town,' and Professor Child's book contains nothing which resembles it, although, according to Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the theme is one common to almost every folk in Europe. The theme appears in Boccaccio, and in England received its first treatment of any note at the hands of John Keats, in 'Isabella.' The new ballad was discovered in Somerset.

✻

MADAME DUNCAN'S RUSSIAN TRIP

COMPLAINING that 'the intellectuals and the artists have n't any money here, and an orchestra is not to be had,' Mmé. Isadora Duncan has accepted an invitation to visit Russia, from Lunatcharsky, Soviet Commissary of Fine Arts, and has shaken the dust of Paris from her feet. M. Joseph Galtier, writing in *Le Temps*, comments thus upon her departure: —

> Since she is giving her artistic services, she 'will not accept a sou,' but she knows that 'she will be aided.' If this is so, her choice explains itself. What an artist of her character needs is aid, the support of a master disposing of subventions without control, of an autocrat who has but to command, and who can bring to pass all his fancies. The time is no more when sovereigns had but to turn to their treasure-chests — nourished, to be sure, by imposts or public taxes — to indulge themselves with the pleasures and diversions that appealed to them. In another epoch Mme. Duncan would have diverted the court of the Medicis or the court of Versailles. The Russia of to-day is the only country in Europe that can receive her. The children of both sexes belong to the community, and at a sign from Lenin, the Duncan school will be filled with the necessary number of pupils.

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A NEW GALSWORTHY PLAY

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S latest play, *A Family Man*, is meeting with fair success in London. Although it shows the usual careful workmanship with which Mr. Galsworthy's audiences are familiar, it is said to lack much of the meticulous balancing which is characteristic of his plays, and in which both parties to the dramatic conflict are permitted to state their cases and measure strength and weakness. The play recounts the fortunes of the family of John Builder, a solid citizen, but a savage martinet to his wife and daughters, who declare war on the doll's house in which they live, with a fervor reminiscent of Ibsen's early days. The result is somewhat disagreeable, and Mr. Galsworthy, in his effort to afford comic relief, has contrived only to secure a constant shifting of mood, which detracts from the quality of the whole.

✻

POLITICAL AIR LINES

NOT long ago the London *Times* remarked editorially: 'Nothing but air transport can save the periodic meetings of British Prime Ministers from entailing a prodigal waste of time.' A writer in the Manchester *Guardian*, who veils his identity under the pseudonym 'Lucio,' has found in this sober political opinion, the text of the following ditty: —

A VISION OF EMPIRE

There is trouble, so they say,
  In the air —
There 's a strike in Mandalay,
  They declare;
And at once the sky is hidden
By the aeroplanes bestridden
By the bigwigs who are bidden
  To be there.

There 's an envoy from Samoa
  (And the Jews),
There 's a Himalayan Noah
  Who has views;
Culled from Tynemouth to Tahiti,
Elder Statesmen sit in treaty
With the rich and ever meaty
  Billy Hughes.

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Air that has to come by cable
Is n't hot,
And it loses, round a table,
Quite a lot;
Out of date the code of Morse is —
We must mobilize our forces
And assemble our resources
On the spot.

Are the Bolshies in Esthonia
Now astir?
Is it strikes in Caledonia
That occur?
Commandeer all Handley-Pages
Pay the pilots double wages,
And bring in the Empire's sages
To confer.

✽

'ALUMNI CANTABRIGIENSES'

THE first volume of *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, the monumental biographical list of all known students, graduates, and holders of offices at Cambridge University, will probably be issued next autumn. This volume, the first of the four which comprise the first part of the enormous collection, will comprise 20,000 names. All the names that can be recovered of the early members of the university from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries are to be inserted.

Two discoveries have been made. The poet John Collop, of whom almost no biographical details are known, entered Pembroke in 1641, and a student named Shakespere was at Christ's in 1544. The American careers of over a hundred settlers in New England, who were Cambridge men, are included.

✽

THE MEMORIAL OF THE DRAGOON GUARDS

A PORTABLE brass plaque, bearing the names of the regiment's dead in the war, is to be carried with the Dragoon Guards, one of the most famous organizations in the British Army, wherever it may be stationed. The plaque will be in charge of the regimental guard, and the names of the dead will be saluted daily with full military honors as the old guard goes off duty and the new guard comes on, at guard-mount.

✽

M. PAUL POIRET'S PRIVATE THEATRE

NOT content with his triumphs as a designer of gowns, M. Paul Poiret has ventured into the world of theatrical producers, though only in a private theatre, situated in the gardens behind his house on Avenue Victor-Emmanuel, in Paris. His programmes manifest M. Poiret's fondness for parodies. An opera of Debussy and Maeterlinck has been mercilessly ridiculed. 'Footit,' a famous clown, has taken off the classical dancers, and M. Poiret is reported to have more distinguished names on his list of future victims, among them Mme. Yvette Guilbert. All seats are priced at thirty francs, so that the theatre is not so very private, after all, though it proudly claims to be the most expensive in Paris.

✽

A SCOTCH KING'S RANSOM

SCOTLAND still owes England the last installments of the ransom of Robert II, of Scotland, who was captured by the English at Neville's Cross, in 1357. This is the statement of Professor Robert Rait, of Glasgow University, who in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, London, said: 'It is perfectly clear that Scotland still owes England a considerable amount of money for that ransom. The last installments were never paid, and at compound interest the amount outstanding to-day would be a very large figure. As a Scotsman is now Chancellor of the Exchequer I have the less hesitation in drawing attention to the fact.

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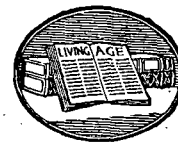

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